

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Edinburgh photographed from the air: the international festival of music and drama opens there on August 23

In this number:

**The New Look in Europe** (Vernon Bartlett)

**'A Small Affair'** (Graham Greene)

**Portraits from Memory—I** (Bertrand Russell, O.M.)



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# The Listener

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## The New Look in Europe

By VERNON BARTLETT

UNTIL yesterday morning\* there had been a tendency to say that nothing much had changed in European affairs since Stalin's death. Just a fortnight ago, for example, the Russians sent their answer to the invitation from the United States, France, and Great Britain to attend a Council Meeting of Foreign Ministers. A negative, dusty, and disappointing answer, which used almost exactly the same arguments as were used during the prolonged and frustrating debates between the Foreign Ministers' deputies at the Villa Rose in Paris in 1951. And the western Foreign Ministers were determined to avoid a repetition of events at that villa with the pleasant name and the unpleasant memories.

But the new Russian Note, published yesterday, is a very different document. For one thing, it makes a number of new proposals. It does not do much to encourage the belief—much more widespread here than in the United States—that there has been a change of heart in Moscow. It does, however, show a remarkable change of emphasis, and one of the things I want to do here is to analyse the reasons for that change, beyond the most obvious and most important one, which clearly is that the Note is intended to rob Dr. Adenauer of victory in next month's elections in the German Federal Republic.

May I begin by asking you to think back for a few moments? I remember watching Mr. Ernest Bevin during the first meetings of the United Nations Security Council in London in 1946. He was so surprised by the Soviet attacks on British policy in Indonesia and Persia that you could have knocked him down with a

feather—figuratively speaking, of course. We were all reluctant to believe in the depth and bitterness of Soviet hostility and distrust, and the result was that, for the first three years after the war, the Western Powers were entirely on the defensive. The eastern Europe states came under communist control, eastern Germany was cut off from the rest of the country, and four-power administration of Berlin broke down.

Then came the Soviet blockade of Berlin, and the air-lift to break the blockade. Although we had been assured—rightly assured, I imagine—that the Russians could have swept through Germany and France to the Channel ports and the Pyrenees in a few days or weeks, our governments came to the conclusion that we must not make any more concessions. Incidentally, if the Russians had intended to start a war, the time for them to do so was surely when we made this gesture of defiance, with so little military strength behind us to warrant it. That was one of the decisive moments since the war; I believe this to be another.

The air-lift ended in 1949 and a new phase of the cold war began. We must be militarily prepared for such events as a repetition of the blockade of Berlin. The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation came into existence. Partly as a result of the Russian threat—but only partly—the Council of Europe was formed to remove the silly little barriers between these small but very important countries. The Americans insisted that no western European defence force could be effective unless the Germans took an important part in it, and the French suggested, very half-heartedly, the creation of a European Defence Community, which

might keep the German contingents under control. We must rearm, we argued, in order to 'negotiate from strength', but we were all rather vague as to how we should know when we were strong enough to negotiate. We in Europe grumbled a good deal about our dependence upon the United States, but we at once turned to the United States for help when we found the cost of rearming was becoming too heavy.

That was the situation as recently as three months ago, even after the death of Stalin. We were fighting the cold war and expected to go on fighting it for years to come. But then came two events—the arrests of Beria and of his men in the various communist states of eastern Europe, and the riots in the Russian sector of Berlin and the Russian zone of Germany. Let me deal with these riots first. Who were the rioters? The communists like to pretend they were fascist agents and spies of the west. That really is a lot of nonsense. Last April I drove down the Stalin Allee, that great new street the communists are building through the ruins of east Berlin as some kind of answer to the astonishing recovery of the Kurfürstendamm and other streets in west Berlin. There were many hundreds of workers busy there, and I never saw a more gloomy and depressed lot of people in my life. These were the people who rioted—these and other workers in various parts of the Soviet zone of Germany where they could not possibly be under the influence of western fascists and spies.

#### Implications of the German Riots

These riots have altered the whole outlook for Europe in two respects. First they indicate that the Russians will not dare to start a war in Europe. Personally I have held that belief ever since I was able, four years ago, to visit four of the communist countries east of the Iron Curtain and to see how ruthlessly the workers were being driven under a system from which they, in particular, were supposed to benefit. But the riots in the Soviet zone have made still more obvious the immense risks the Russians would have to run in the event of war, with their lines of communication crossing hundreds of miles of hostile territory. If we are now approaching the stage when we can 'negotiate from strength', it is possibly less the result of our own rearmament than that of the internal weaknesses of the communist states. The second consequence of the rioting in east Germany was unexpected. More than any other event since the end of the war, it has knocked holes through the Iron Curtain. This outbreak of hostility to communism has made it much more difficult for the non-communist countries to arm effectively against it.

How and why? Because the courageous behaviour of the east Berliners and other Germans under Russian control has made their reunion with the rest of Germany much more urgent than it used to be. Until their outbreak in June, Dr. Adenauer, stimulated by the United States, had insisted that the integration of western Germany with western Europe must be completed before there could be any hope of reunion of the two halves of Germany. Now the emphasis is the other way round. He would have no hope of winning the German elections of September 6 if his political opponents could claim that this question of German unity was not the first question in his mind. This, indeed, is the claim which is made insistently in the latest Soviet Note.

Most of the arguments in this Note are old, and can be easily answered. They provide the best possible reasons for a meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers, with the specific task of studying the German problem. It was to such a meeting that the Russians sent their negative answer a fortnight ago. But, in one important respect, the latest Soviet Note is new. It is much more flattering to Germany than any previous Note in the past. It is an implicit recognition that western Germany is becoming stronger day by day, and that Soviet Germany is becoming weaker, and more discredited. Thus, the Russians propose that a provisional all-German government should be formed immediately in order to take part, with the four Allied Powers, in all the negotiation for a German peace treaty. They propose, further, that this provisional all-

German government should itself carry out all-German elections without foreign interference and under four-power supervision. They propose that Germany should pay no more reparations, but omit to add that the three Western Powers abandoned their reparation claims on Germany a long time ago. All through their Note there is an admission of this change in the status of Germany.

And that, I believe, is the most important new factor in Europe today. Hitherto, Germany has been weak, divided, and entirely dependent on the goodwill of the United States, France, and Britain on the one side, and of the Soviet Union on the other. Not so now. We are witnessing a rusting away of the detestable barrier known as the Iron Curtain. The Communist German Government in the east had to admit, last June, that it could not maintain order without the help of Soviet tanks, and policy has had to be modified in all the other satellite states in eastern Europe. On our side of the Iron Curtain it becomes increasingly difficult to maintain a sense of military urgency. Very many Germans are far less interested in this European Defence Community, or in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, than in unity with their compatriots in the Soviet zone; Signor de Gasperi, the strongest supporter among Italian statesmen of close friendship with the United States, is no longer Prime Minister; the French seem less and less likely to ratify the E.D.C. agreement, which has such warm American support.

The result is that to an astonishing degree Germany has come to control the destinies of Europe. The Americans, in particular, have insisted all along that the whole military organisation of western civilisation would not be effective unless it contained strong German divisions. But these divisions will not be available unless Dr. Adenauer wins the elections; they may not be available even then, unless the majority of his countrymen are so convinced that the Western Powers have made a great and genuine effort to reach agreement with Russia that they decide unity must be postponed. For German unity, their greatest ambition, cannot be achieved unless the cold war comes to an end.

I said earlier that I believe this to be as decisive a moment as was the beginning of the air-lift to Berlin. I believe this for two reasons. One is that it is no longer enough for the Western Powers just to tell the Germans that this flattery in the Russian Note is the direct consequence of Dr. Adenauer's policy of friendship with the west. Most thinking Germans know this to be true, but in every country there are many people who do not think, and, by a negative and unconstructive answer, the Western Powers might lose western Germany. The second reason is that the Soviet Note might be something more than an attempt to influence the German elections. The time to 'negotiate from strength' may possibly have arrived. The Russians must be alarmed by the possibility of a German military recovery, for the Germans caused terrible devastation in their country during the war. To prevent the development of a new German army, reinforced by the immense resources of the United States, they would pay a very high price—a price, perhaps, which would include their zone of Germany.

#### A Truce without Victory?

Until a few months ago, Germany was frightened of Russia. Sir Winston Churchill was the first statesman to remind us that Russia also was frightened of Germany. And that fear may possibly bring us to a truce without a victory, as in the war in Korea, because the ordinary people on both sides of the Iron Curtain find the strain too great. This would surely be a very welcome development, for there can be no hope of security for you and me, or for the Russians and the Chinese, while this artificial barrier divides our small and shrinking world into two. But I would end with two short quotations from Sir Winston Churchill's famous speech of May 11. One is: 'This would be the most fatal moment for the free nations to relax their comradeship and preparations'. The other is: 'Unity, vigilance, and fidelity are the only foundations upon which hope can live'—*Home Service*

# What Lies Behind the French Strikes

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

To understand the issues involved in the French strikes and how they have arisen, one has to go back to the beginning of the whole business. When parliament rose on July 25, M. Laniel, who heads the French Coalition Cabinet, had in his pocket the authorisation of parliament to carry out by decree part of his programme of economic, financial, and administrative reform. He and his colleagues then set about framing the first batch of decrees. While this process was going on there was a leak. How accurate the leak was has not yet been established. At all events, the Government was credited with the intention of compulsorily raising the retirement age limit for civil servants by two years; of re-grading, to their disadvantage, certain categories of state employees; and of cutting down the number of non-established staff in the public services.

It was a purely local reaction which set things going. On the evening of Tuesday, August 4, the Bordeaux branch of the socialist postal workers' union decided to call out its members on the following day for an indefinite period. The order was duly obeyed on Wednesday morning, and on Wednesday morning, too, the socialist union headquarters in Paris followed up this local initiative by calling out its members, also for an indefinite period, all over the country. In so doing the socialist union announced that the strike was not only against the decrees, but was also aimed at securing more pay and better working conditions. Before the day was out the Christian and communist unions had joined in too, and the strike was complete. Since then\*, telephone communications have been limited to official and occasional urgent calls; the same has been true for telegrams, and mail distribution has broken down almost entirely. The example proved infectious, and other strikes of public servants followed in quick succession. First, the socialist unions, again taking the initiative, called a twenty-four-hour strike of all state employees, including those on the railways. Once more, the other unions joined in. Then all three unions called a forty-eight-hour strike of gas and electricity workers. After that, the movement spread to all the public services, and by Friday everything was confusion everywhere.

So far, however, time limits, not exceeding forty-eight hours, had been fixed by the non-communist unions, at all events for all the strikes except the post office one, and by last Sunday there were hopes, and indeed some signs, of improvement, notably on the railways. And then on Monday the offending decrees were published and more trouble began. They were far less severe than the public servants had been led to fear. Whether this was because the strikes had made the Government think again is not clear even yet; the unions claimed that they did, while official circles deny it. However that may be, the raising by two years of the retirement age limit was made optional, not compulsory. No mention was made of reducing the number of serving non-established personnel: it was simply laid down that fewer should be

recruited in future, and nothing whatever was said about regrading certain categories in order to make them serve longer before becoming eligible for pension. What the decrees did do, though, was to offer the incentive to serve longer by giving increased pensions for the extra period served, and they provided for the general assimilation of all public servants in the new regulations, though room was left for a host of exceptions.

A spate of union meetings followed the publication of the decrees, and it soon became evident that although some of their provisions were disliked, the decrees were drifting out of the picture and the claim for higher wages was coming to the forefront instead. Furthermore, the trail of politics was beginning to be clearly marked. The result was a fresh wave of strike orders. Some, again, were for periods not exceeding forty-eight hours, but others were made indefinite—notably for the railways—and the result was an even worse dislocation of the life of the country. The Government managed to avert disaster by keeping vital services going—things such as supplies of food, petrol, water, electricity and gas; and it managed, too, to produce a partial substitute for the main railway services by organising fleets of coaches for long-distance travel. Inside Paris the authorities produced a reasonably adequate service of motor lorries for local passenger transport. Even so, the damage, inconvenience, and loss to the country has been enormous, and clearly if the situation continues for long it is bound to become dangerous in many ways.

During the week, M. Laniel made a broadcast appeal to the nation in which he admitted freely that the workers had grievances, and that there were understandable reasons for the strike, but he added that the strikes themselves were a mistake which could only do grievous harm to the nation, and so to the workers themselves, and that as head of the Government it was his duty to resist them. Many of his fellow-countrymen heartily agreed with him, but the reaction of the unions was anything but favourable. I had a talk on the subject with one of the leading Socialist Deputies a couple of days ago and he freely admitted that the original decrees had now been virtually lost sight of. They had, he said, been the spark which had found already in existence an explosive atmosphere. Most public servants were grossly underpaid, many of them were getting no more than £30 a month. This, incidentally, I can confirm from my own postman. He gets £27 a month after fifteen years' service. It costs him and his wife £1 a day to live, and they can only get along by her taking a job, and by his doing extra work in his spare time.

The Socialist Deputy went on to say that for a long time these people had waited patiently for successive governments to bring down prices, and to fulfil pledges to better their lot in various ways, but that nothing had been done. Now they were fed up, and they felt that the time had come at last to use their collective efforts to force an improvement.



French army vehicles in the Esplanade des Invalides coming to the assistance of Parisians stranded by the strike

My informant did not deny that it was the workers themselves who had taken the initiative, and that it was only after the unions had seen the depth and extent of the feelings which existed that they had taken over the direction of the movement. As proof of the widespread nature of discontent he pointed out that the Christian unions, too, who usually keep aloof from political movements, had been backing most of the strikes. And he added: 'We Socialists and the Christian Democrats may not see eye to eye on the hereafter, but we agree on a lot of things that affect the workers here below'.

Having begun as a limited movement, and having spread to a general one, the strikes are now getting heavily involved in politics. The communists are doing their best to cash in on the situation and to snatch the lead from the socialists. And, if they were to succeed, this would naturally produce a situation affecting the country in every way. For this reason both the socialist and Christian unions are anxious to get the strikes ended as soon as possible, and the Socialist and M.R.P., or Christian Democrat, Deputies share that anxiety. Both are anxious also to secure an early meeting of the special commission of representatives of labour, of the employers, and the Government, which negotiates minimum wage contracts, since they believe that this would improve the atmosphere tremendously. Whether that commission will be called remains to be seen.

The socialists, for their part, also want the National Assembly to be recalled from the summer recess in order to discuss the situation. Here, the communists are backing the socialists. But both the Prime Minister and the President of the Assembly have so far refused to take any step in that direction, and the only alternative now is for at least one third, that is 209 Deputies, to send in signed requests for the recall of the Assembly. So far the number of signatures has not been enough, but they may ultimately be forthcoming. If they are, then the way may well lie open to yet another political crisis, with no guarantee that M. Laniel's downfall will improve the workers' lot. However, much may depend on the back-room negotiations that are now in the offing, if they have not actually begun.

As far as the unions are concerned, the situation is and has been most desperately involved and confused. In one category all three unions may be working together; in another, one takes the initiative, and others follow suit, or not, as the case may be. In some cases, one or both of the non-communist unions calls a strike for a limited period, or may disagree about its length. Only the communists have been fairly consistently out to produce as many strikes as possible, for as long as possible. During the past day or two there have been many attempts to extend the strike to private industry and commerce, mostly by the communists. On the whole they have had little success. Some of the engineering trades have answered the call, but many big concerns are shut for the holiday period. So there is no knowing what support the workers would have given to the movement if they had been open.

But as far as banks, insurance offices, shops, and so on are concerned, the response has been practically nil.

This brings me to one remarkable feature of the strikes, so far at least: the complete calm and orderliness that has reigned among all the confusion. The striking workers have in many cases seen their jobs being done by others: commercial coaches substituting for the railways, for example, army lorries plying the streets while the Metro trains are silent and the buses idle in their garages, and so on. And yet there have been no sullen crowds of strikers jeering at *les jaunes*—the yellow ones, the French word for black eggs, let alone any attempt to interfere with those who have been carrying on in their place. And the public, too, have remained remarkably calm. Yet think of it: thousands of people stranded all over the country; many thousands more hindered, or even prevented, from going on their precious yearly fortnight's holiday with pay; divided families unable to communicate with each other; anxious mothers wondering what has happened to children in holiday camps; the tourist season on the way to being ruined; and yet there has been no explosion of public anger—again, at least, so far. One Frenchman suggested to me that part of the explanation may be a sort of hangover from the German occupation—a kind of sullen acceptance of what appears to be the temporarily inevitable. It may be so. But from my own observation I would be inclined to say that one important factor is this: many people have relations in public employ, and those who have not, live cheek by jowl with those who get their living through the state or public services; furthermore, the civil servants are not alone in being underpaid and hard put to it to scrape along in these days of high prices. So the feeling is often: 'Well, good luck to them, if they can pull it off so much the better. We may get something out of it too'. But that kind of sympathy or understanding can prove a diminishing asset, and indeed it is likely to prove so if things do not improve soon.

The weekend, including the public holiday of the Feast of the Assumption, provided a lull which may or may not turn out to have given the opening of an avenue to a settlement. There can be no doubt that, apart from the communists, both sides are anxious to reach a settlement. But both sides are deeply dug in, and considerable tact, care, and skill will be needed to avoid as far as possible the loss of that commodity, important here in the west as well as in the east, known as 'face'. Furthermore, the unions will have to be sure that they are able to carry their members with them, or they themselves will be discredited. As for the Government, it, too, has the problem of holding on to a substantial part of its programme if its authority is not to be hopelessly weakened. One possible help would be for it to come quickly out with other parts of its programme, to show that the civil servants are not taking the knock alone. But that may take time. In any event, the next few days should show in which direction lies the march of events.—*Home Service*

## Problems of Poliomyelitis

By W. RITCHIE RUSSELL

**D**RAWINGS on ancient Egyptian tombs suggest that poliomyelitis occurred in very ancient times, but it was clearly separated from other disabling diseases only about 100 years ago. Since then it has been thrown into prominence because so many diseases which were scourges 100 years ago have now become comparatively rare. In 1947 there was an epidemic in this country much worse than any earlier one. Since then, unfortunately, the number of cases has remained at a high level, and we do not know why this is. Poliomyelitis may occur at any time of the year, but in both hemispheres there is a striking increase of cases in the late summer and autumn months; this is as true in Australia and South Africa as it is here.

It is caused by infection with a virus. Three main types of this virus have been identified by the virologist. Research on virus disease involves special difficulties because viruses will grow only in living cells—they cannot be grown, like other germs or moulds, in broth. Some viruses—those which cause influenza, for instance—will grow on a fertile hen's egg which is being incubated, but many can be studied only by deliberately

infecting experimental animals, such as the mouse, or occasionally (as with the common cold viruses) human volunteers may be used. Some strains of poliomyelitis virus can be transmitted only to monkeys, and large sums of money have been spent, especially in America, on this most costly and complex type of research. There has, however, recently been a very important advance in this work, for a method has been discovered in the U.S.A. for growing polio viruses in what is called tissue culture: for example, a slice of an animal's kidney can be kept alive in such a way as to allow the virus to grow in it under test-tube conditions. This is really a tremendous step forward—for instance, weak forms of the virus can now be grown easily and are being used to make a vaccine which is on trial in America.

The disease is rarely reported in some tropical countries where sanitation is primitive, yet research workers have examined the inhabitants in some of these countries and have found that from an early age they possess in their blood natural protection to some polio viruses, so much so that these workers consider polio to be essentially a disease of tropical countries. It has been suggested that some of these tropical countries are

so insanitary and polio viruses are so widespread that all infants are repeatedly infected from the earliest days of life. Some die in infancy, but most acquire a resistance to the disease, and it is apparently possible to develop immunity to polio from contact with the virus without having to experience an illness of any severity.

All this suggests that in our relatively clean countries many infants have no contact with the virus at an early age but that later on they may meet it without having developed any immunity, thus allowing dangerous forms of the disease to occur. This may account for the remarkable recent tendency for poliomyelitis to appear in older children and in young adults—no longer do we call it infantile paralysis. Anyway, it seems clear that ninety-nine per cent. of people in this country in contact with a case of polio do not develop any illness of note, but one will, and our precautionary measures are directed towards preventing this one case, and limiting the spread of the disease by healthy carriers. Thus, we have the somewhat anomalous situation that an admittedly infectious disease rarely causes more than one serious case in a family, or one or two serious cases in a large school. Slight forms of the disease are very common, and it seems that these slight illnesses provide for the individual a life-long protection from serious forms of the disease. You will appreciate, therefore, that if you are lucky, a small dose of the virus may do nothing but good.

Here, then, is an infectious disease with peculiarities of its own. We should much like to know where the virus lives in winter time. We should like to know what proportion of the ninety-nine per cent. of the public apparently unaffected have nevertheless during an epidemic increased their resistance to the disease through contact with the virus; and it would be of enormous importance if we knew which of us are entirely resistant to the serious forms of the disease. Much of this information could now be obtained if there were unlimited resources available to apply to the full the recently discovered research methods of studying virus diseases, but we must wait for the facilities required or for the work to be done in other countries. In the meantime, it is extremely difficult to assess the efficacy of measures designed to prevent the spread of the disease. So there is plenty of room for differences of opinion as to the merits of the various isolation and quarantine measures advised from time to time.

But there is no disease in which good nursing is more important, and where there is any shortage of nurses I myself think that a reserve of ex-nurses or nursing auxiliaries should be trained to help. These part-time nurses must know, however, what degree of risk they are being asked to take, either for themselves or their family at home. In Copenhagen last year 3,000 nurses, medical students, and hospital workers assisted in treating the cases. Few precautions were taken and no one was thought to have developed the disease from the patients. However,

there is some danger, and those who have contact with poliomyelitis in this country are trained to take precautions designed to avoid the risk of acquiring or of carrying the disease. With these precautions, nursing a case of polio involves very slight risk indeed. An important mode of spread from person to person is probably from the contamination of food and drink by dirty handling. Invisible droplets from the mouth may also contaminate food or may convey the virus from one person to another, as with the common cold.

In those relatively very few cases in which a serious form of the disease develops, the viruses of poliomyelitis show a remarkable and unfortunate attraction to the nerve cells of the spinal cord. Within a few days of the onset of the disease the fate of tens of thousands of motor-nerve cells is decided, and those which are destroyed cannot be replaced.

The amount of permanent weakness, or paralysis, seems to depend precisely on the proportion of spinal cord cells destroyed. There are about 10,000 of these concerned in moving the muscles of each arm and each leg. Nearly half of these can be destroyed without serious permanent disability resulting, but when ninety per cent. are destroyed severe weakness of the limb concerned is permanent.

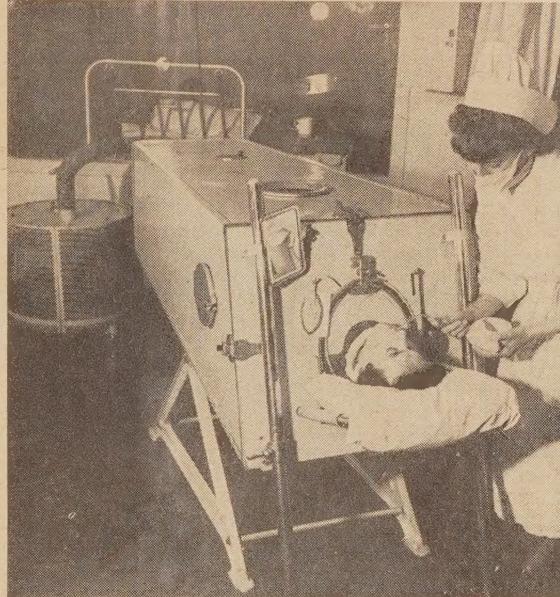
Can we do anything to prevent this dangerous paralytic form of the disease? Vaccines, as I have mentioned, have already been prepared in America and elsewhere, and are on

trial, but their safety has not yet been fully established. You may have heard of gamma globulin: this is probably of no value after the disease has started, although it provides some protection for about four weeks. It is not available to a useful extent in this country, and in any case, the development of safe vaccines seems to be the most hopeful line—we are all very optimistic about this.

It should be widely known that rest in bed, as soon as the illness starts, reduces the danger of paralysis developing, so do not on any account try to 'work off' unusual symptoms or 'flu-like' illnesses occurring in summer and autumn. In my experience, energetic young mothers are particularly likely to carry on when they should be in bed. Many of the worst cases I have seen have been young adults between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. Children are, in any case, too active in summer, and short periods of physical rest during the day probably provide some protection from the worst types of the disease. Slight illness should be treated with care, especially if the child's back seems stiff; and if, as an indication of this stiffness, he is unable to kiss his knees, he should be sent to bed at once. Long journeys while the illness is developing are also thought to be harmful.

A particularly troublesome type of the disease (bulbar type) begins with difficulty in swallowing, or perhaps drowsiness, and such cases require most skilled nursing under the best possible conditions. Special centres for these cases are being established up and down the country. A child developing bulbar polio may simply refuse to eat and drink because he feels he will choke if he attempts to swallow, and the first-aid treatment is

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Poliomyelitis patient being nursed in an iron lung



A child, aged two and a half, who had developed poliomyelitis, receiving electrical treatment: she had been suffering from the disease for two years, and is completely cured

# The Listener

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## Orientation

**R**ECENTLY Mr. Denis Johnston, the Irish playwright, crossed the Atlantic with a ship-load of American students who, on their way, were receiving 'orientation' about Europe. He described his impressions in a broadcast talk (which is printed on another page). We heard all the usual jokes about cricket; and then there were jokes about English jokes, umbrellas, and the Royal Academy. But how, one reflects, might a ship-load of British students be 'orientated' if they were being carried towards the Land of the Free? Perhaps the first lesson in orientation should be that the United States is a matriarchy. How different that is from Europe. In Britain, even in these days of universal washing-up, the male retains much of his old pre-eminence. After all, the emancipation of women in this country took place only in the nineteen-twenties so that the Free Woman is still in her early thirties. In France one often feels that women not only do all the work in the home, but in the shops, the restaurants, the hotels, while in the background a figure wearing a beret and smoking a pipe exercises some sort of benevolent supervision. In Russia—again this is just a vague impression—one seems to picture the woman labouring alongside the men in the fields and factories and being given just sufficient time off to have a baby. In Germany the *hausfrau* is usually a *hausfrau* with a vengeance. But in America women form the cultured aristocracy, the leisured class, awaiting (it might be asserted) their dyspeptic worse-haves to come home for orders.

Then no doubt the British student should be orientated in the American faith. That is, as we have learnt from innumerable films, plays, and novels, to 'make good'. For in that vast democratic community where Jack is as good as his master—and sometimes better—everyone stands a chance of reaching the top. The pioneering spirit imprisoned in every heart but awaits its early release. The janitor sweeping the steps who can invent bubble gum or some other triumph of modern civilisation may become a millionaire before one can say knife. And it ill behoves anyone to touch his cap deferentially and say 'sir'; rather say buddy.

Naturally after two wars and two invasions of Europe by American troops, we have picked up a few tricks. To be 'streamlined' is all the fashion these days. Before the war, for example, when the cheap motor-car was first introduced by British manufacturers, we were content with a box-shaped vehicle that made peculiar noises when one drove it at a speed exceeding fifty miles an hour. Today such motor-cars are invariably smartened up with no running boards, with synchro-mesh gears or fluid fly-wheels and what-have-you; such cars are still liable to make odd noises when one exceeds fifty miles an hour, but still they are streamlined. What we have not yet achieved however is the ruthless efficiency of our American cousins—and indeed teams of American business men habitually pay flying visits to these old-world islands and tell us where we go wrong. Our industrialists often are criticised for lack of enterprise; but in the United States even university professors have teams of broken-in researchers to pile their facts for them on to the conveyor belt. One day we might be *gleichgestaltet*—American fashion. Until then, we (like the American students in Europe) must try to appreciate the different climate of opinion across the Herring Pond, while treasuring our own heritage. Let us at least preserve our Test matches from the contamination of baseball (even though some of our cricketers have started chewing gum). And—of course—up the umbrella!

## What They Are Saying

The sixteen-nation declaration on Korea

LAST WEEK the main topics for discussion were the sixteen-nation declaration on Korea and the French strikes. Broadcasts from Moscow, Peking, and the satellite world were strongly critical of the sixteen-nation declaration. Much play was made of British anxiety—especially as voiced by the Labour Party. According to Peking transmissions, the declaration was 'aimed at intimidating the Korean and Chinese side with fresh ravings and provocations'. A Peking broadcast in English called on all peace-loving peoples to 'smash the plot of the enemies of peace to undermine the political conference'. The pact between Mr. Dulles and President Rhee, it said, constituted 'not only a violation of the Korean armistice, but an open threat to the other countries taking part in the political conference'. Other Peking broadcasts pointed out that it was clear from the pact, which was 'essentially a treaty of preparation for war', that—

If the puppet troops extend their actions against the armistice agreement, thereby causing counter-action from the Korean and Chinese side, the U.S.A. will brand this counter-action as 'unprovoked armed attack' and will goad its allies into a renewal of the war.

Another Chinese broadcast quoted Peng Te-huai, on his 'victorious return' from Korea, as saying:

The Chinese People's volunteers are maintaining their stand alongside the Korean people . . . They will strive to ensure the thorough carrying out of the armistice and the peaceful settlement of the Korean question. But we believe that should the enemy dare to break their promises, wreck the armistice, and start aggression again, they will meet with an even more ignominious defeat.

A Moscow broadcast, quoting *Pravda*, also maintained that the sixteen-nation declaration meant that

Any military provocation of the Syngman Rhee clique . . . might involve in a military adventure all those states who signed the declaration under U.S. pressure. . . . British public opinion, alarmed, is putting the question: 'Is not the treaty with Syngman Rhee the nucleus of a future aggressive organisation in the area of the Pacific Ocean similar to the Atlantic bloc?'

From the U.S.A., the *New York Herald Tribune*—writing, like other commentators quoted, before the statement of clarification issued by No. 10 Downing Street on August 15—was quoted as follows:

As British sources have been prompt to point out, the agreement does not call for an immediate broadening of the war if the Reds attack again, or for any other automatic action. But it does constitute a stern reminder, by a large and vigorous section of the non-communist world, that Red China could not maintain its 'privileged sanctuary' across the Yalu if it again defied the U.N. and broke faith on the truce. And as an example of the unity of free nations on a fundamental issue in Asia, it is a most encouraging sign for the future.

The French strikes, as well as Anglo-American differences, were eagerly seized upon by communist commentators as showing signs of weaknesses in the western camp. Moscow and satellite broadcasts described the strikes as a movement of solidarity among all workers in protest against the government's 'Atlantic policy'. In the words of a Polish broadcast:

They are a reflection of the seething movement of the French masses, of their resistance to the policy of armaments and the 'dirty war' in Viet-Nam, the policy of building up a new *Wehrmacht* and of toeing the American line . . . The voice of the French people has caused alarm not only among the ruling circles in Paris. It has caused no less anxiety in Washington.

A Prague transmission assured the 'heroic French workers' of the full solidarity of their Czechoslovak comrades. Broadcasts from east Germany pointed out that the 'revolt' of French workers showed that, given firm unity of action, it was possible 'to thwart the measures of a reactionary government and to prevent implementation of the war agreements'. In west Germany, also, the people possessed the means to force the resignation of the Adenauer Government. From France itself, M. Laniel, the Prime Minister, in a broadcast on August 12, stated that the Government would not give in to strike pressure, though it would consider legitimate claims once work had been resumed. French newspapers commented according to their political sympathies: the right-wing press was quoted as endorsing the Prime Minister's firmness, and the left-wing press as accusing him of ignoring the genuine grievances which had caused the strike.

# Did You Hear That?

## FACTS ABOUT TITANIUM

'THOUGH IT HAS come suddenly into the news', said STUART WYTON in 'Radio Newsreel', 'titanium in its natural state is not scarce, and is not even new. It was first discovered more than 160 years ago in this country by a Cornish clergyman, who came across it in a black, magnetic kind of sand near Falmouth. Three years later a German mineralogist who had also found it gave titanium its name. As for being scarce, there is more of it in the world than copper or tin, some estimates say fifty times more; indeed, it is because it is so plentiful and widely distributed throughout the world that there is so much renewed interest in titanium just now. The reason it has not come into its own before is that it has been so difficult and costly, and still is, to turn it from its raw state, from the ore, that is, into a usable, useful form.'

'To win the metal from the ore it must go into a furnace, and liquid titanium is contaminated by ordinary furnace linings, or simply eats them away. The research workers have overcome this considerable disadvantage by melting down the metal in copper crucibles cooled by water. As for the cost, up to now every pound of processed titanium has been costing about £5 to produce, from the raw state, when it is worth only a penny a pound, to the finished ingot. British scientists, however, are working on an alternative process which is described as "very promising", and may be cheaper, too.'

'What about the advantages and uses of titanium? As its name suggests—it was called after the mythical Titans noted for their great strength—it is immensely strong, as tough as steel, and yet it is much lighter and it resists heat and corrosion. For some time now aircraft companies have been trying out the metal in the blades of gas turbine engines; one aircraft firm estimates it could save almost a third on the weight of an engine. And its heat-resisting properties could be vital in aircraft frames when supersonic speeds impose great stresses and high temperatures.'

'Some aeronautical engineers are already talking about using this metal for the entire skin of the aircraft. There is no reason why eventually it should not come into everyday use'.

## SERENE FINLAND

'I wish more English people went to Finland', said W. VAUGHAN REYNOLDS in a Midland Home Service talk. 'So do the Finns, as witness the special tourist rate of 910 marks to the £ which is the most generous their economy can at present allow.'

'The best way to approach Finland is by steamer from Stockholm. The harbour you embark from is one of the most pleasant in the world; and the voyage down through the archipelago which guards the Swedish capital is not only beautiful in itself but is a foretaste of some of the scenic splendour which awaits you. Water, islands, trees, flanking your progress for mile upon mile: these are the distinctive features of the Finnish landscape. They are there in rich profusion as you pass through Swedish

waters to the open sea. They are there to greet you as you approach Helsinki, capital of Finland, the friendly capital of a friendly people.'

'Part of the charm of Helsinki lies in the fact that, although a capital, it is not large: it is about the size of Bristol. It can be a meeting place for the peoples of the world, as the Olympic Games proved last year: the Finns organised—and organised very efficiently—a contest in which fifty-nine nations took part. Yet Helsinki is small enough for its citizens to enjoy a corporate life as a civic community: they meet on the pavements and in the gardens of the Esplanade and there they are both citizens of Helsinki and citizens of the world. One of their cares must be to prevent their beautiful capital from becoming too big—and of this they are well aware.'

'Finland is a large country, but its population is only half that of Greater London. Already about ten per cent. of the people live in Helsinki. This is enough: if the proportion increases, there will be danger of over-centralisation, with all its attendant evils. Life in Helsinki, however, has few of the disadvantages and most of the advantages a city can offer its inhabitants; and the greatest of the advantages is that the woods and the lakes and the islands, which are the principal glory of Finland, extend to the very fringes of the capital.'

'Woods and lakes and islands—these are Finland. The forests cover seventy-one per cent. of the land area of the country, and are its great national asset. The lakes number 62,000 and form natural waterways. Water as a source of electric power compensates largely for the lack of coal. But it is not only as foundations of the economy that the forests and the waters are significant: they determine the national culture and the national character.'

'The Finns do not merely enjoy the water: they revel in it. But despite their natural enjoyment, they can withdraw into silences where no revellers are. In the Finnish lake-land, where the dark, mysterious trees crowd down to the very margin of the flood, man can know peace. The silence is so profound that it seems a sin to stir.'

'The Finns are essentially a happy people, with that inward blessedness and serenity which comes from being at one with nature in all her moods. Winter is long and, in the great empty spaces of the north, snow covers the earth from mid-November to late May. Even in Helsinki in the south it may lie from the last days of the year till late in March'.

## MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

'Throughout the ages', said PROFESSOR R. F. PEEL in a North of England Home Service talk, 'when Africa was the "dark and mysterious continent", speculation about the geographical problems of its interior continually fired the imagination of the curious. Among these mysteries two were outstanding: one was that of the ultimate sources of the River Nile; the other the existence of snow-clad mountains in its tropical heart. Both problems found graphic expression on one of the earliest maps of



The General Post Office at Helsinki



A statue on Helsinki's Market Square, symbolising the city rising out of the sea

the known world that have come down to us, the map compiled in the second century A.D. by the Alexandrine geographer Ptolemy. On his map Ptolemy boldly depicted mountains labelled "Lunae Mons" in Equatorial Africa, and showed the Nile issuing from these attractively-named mountains. Aristotle tells us that the name "Lunae Mons", or "Montes"—"Mountains of the Moon"—arose from the popular belief that the moon had descended to touch the tips of these mountains and turn them to silver. But many centuries were to pass before European exploration permitted a scientific check on these matters.

'It was not until 1888 that the great African explorer, H. M. Stanley, travelling near Lake Albert, was astonished one day to see high, snow-clad peaks lifting from the clouds quite close at hand. Stanley gave them the modern name of "Ruwenzori", a native name meaning "Cloud King" or "Rain Maker", and, although scholars still argue over the identification, it appears to be now generally accepted that the Ruwenzori Mountains are indeed the mysterious "Mountains of the Moon".

The Mountains of the Moon were found to consist of a great mass or range of steep and rugged mountains straddling across the Equator itself and lifting snow-capped peaks to nearly 17,000 feet. Until the development of modern rail, road, and air transport they were most inaccessible, for they lie on the boundary between the western provinces of the Uganda Protectorate and the Belgian Congo. Topographically as rugged as the Western Alps, smothered in dense, sodden, and tangled virgin forest, and for most of the time shrouded in soaking mists, they proved by no means an easy area to explore. Scientifically speaking, only the first reconnaissance work had been done when my colleague in the University of Leeds, Professor W. Q. Kennedy, proposed a major scientific onslaught on these mountains. This proposal resulted in two field-expeditions in 1951 and 1952, and I was fortunate enough to accompany the second and larger of these ventures.

Working out from our base camp we spent the next two-and-a-half months making scientific observations on the mountain. Some of these journeys were along known tracks and could follow paths cut through the forests; others broke new ground and added to the rather rudimentary existing maps. The first main journey, lasting a month, took a large party of us right up the Mobuku valley to the snows of Mount Stanley, the highest mass on Ruwenzori, and thence in a wide sweep northwards down another valley and so back to base. As one proceeds on such a journey, apart from the sheer physical slog of continuous steep climbing, the main difficulties arise from the vegetation, although this in turn provides one of the main sources of continuous interest. As on all high mountains, the vegetation on Ruwenzori is arranged in zones which change with increasing altitude. But it is at about 10,000 feet that the distinctive vegetation begins. First, one begins to notice the remarkable profusion of spongy sphagnum mosses on the ground; and then bamboo begins to give place to a sort of forest which, looming through the prevailing mists, puts one in mind immediately of H. G. Wells' *Lost World*. For the trees are now giant varieties of heath—trees thirty and forty feet high which look exactly like overgrown plants of our familiar moorland heather and are, in fact, botanically closely related. Great golden and green globules of moss smother their lower stems, and from every branch hang trailing pendants of pale green lichens. Seen through the mist and in the breathless stillness of air that characterises Ruwenzori the effect is macabre, and one half expects to see long-extinct prehistoric monsters looming up. But above the bamboo, into which wild elephant frequently climb, animal life—and, mercifully, insect life—on Ruwenzori is not plentiful.

'Finally, above the soaking and tangled heath forests comes the most

distinctive vegetation of all—incredible vegetation of weird-looking spiky forms lifting above a ground-mass of flowering shrubs. The botanists casually tell us that these are mostly giant varieties of those humble garden plants and weeds, groundsel and lobelias; but the lobelias are in great spikes twelve feet or more high, and one can climb up and root in the groundsel trees. Scattered over the bogs in the valley floors and climbing up the final slopes, these weird species give up the struggle only at the snow-line, which on Ruwenzori is now at about 15,000 feet. Above this is mossy rock, bare crags, snow, and ice. Various members of the party scaled some of the highest peaks, and our two glaciologists, Bergstrom and Menzies, spent five weeks continuously up at 15,000 feet taking observations on the glaciers and high-altitude weather, and living in a tiny aluminium shelter: a heroic performance which must have been a severe trial'.

### THE NAMES OF FLOWERS

In 'The Countryside', in the Midland Home Service, JOHN MOORE spoke about the rare words that may be collected in a country bus or a country pub; 'but' (he said) 'we shall have to collect them soon because our speech is becoming more and more standardised. For how

much longer, I wonder, will anybody apart from a few learned etymologists know what a mumruffin is—or an oontitoomp—or a keck? A mumruffin is a long-tailed tit. An oont is a mole in the country; and oontitoomp is his molehill. Keck is hedgeparsley—or any of those lacy-looking, umbelliferous flowers of the hedgerow. Shakespeare used it—"rough thistles, kecksies, burs"—thereby proving that he was not Bacon. The man who wrote of kecksies had a country boyhood in the very middle of England. He knew all the common flowers that we know. For example, those "long purples That liberal shepherds give a grosser name But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them".

'Actually the loveliest garland of flowers in all Shakespeare is the one in "A Winter's Tale", the one which includes

#### Primroses

That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids.

'What a perfect name primrose is. Of course, it comes from Latin, *prima rosa*, the first rose, but we English improved upon it by accident, because oddly enough there is something essentially prim about primroses: something maidenly and virginal. We often seem to make up the most apt and lovely words by accident. Take dandelion: it comes from the French *Dent-de-lion*. And what a perfect word for a flower which has all the flaunting splendour of that golden-maned Dandy.

'Whenever we take a foreign name and match it to our own tongue we seem to improve it. In Cornwall there grows a common cliffside plant with a Latin name which the locals could not pronounce: *mesembryanthemum*. Some lover and his lass got down to this name one day, I daresay when they were walking on the cliff side, and they called it Sally-my-handsome. That is its Cornish name today. Such words are invented by poets, even if the poets have never written a line. Candytuft, periwinkle, ladies' tresses, creeping jenny; and in the cottage gardens love-in-the-mist, gillyflower—it was July-flower originally. It seems to have changed its time of flowering. Then there is red-hot poker and love-lies-bleeding, a tragical name; but I had an old gardener who called it "lovelies bleeding" which sounded even sadder. And how much better is snapdragon than antirrhinum, wavewind than convolvulus?'



Peaks of Ruwenzori, with giant lobelias and groundsel in the foreground

Toleration—IV

# Tolerance in Contemporary America

By ROBERT E. CUSHMAN

**I**N speaking of tolerance in America I shall not use the word 'tolerance' in any restricted sense, but rather to include generally that just and generous regard for the rights of other people which is essential to fair play and civil liberty. And also, in speaking of tolerance, I am speaking of an ideal toward which we strive in America, as you do in Britain, rather than a goal which we have already reached. We have made progress toward that goal of which we have a right to be proud; and we have also fallen short of it in ways of which many thoughtful Americans are ashamed.

### 'Panic-stricken about Communism'

We have become in America very badly frightened about communism and the danger to our national security which we believe communism has created. I do not know whether communism is in fact a more serious threat to America than it is to Britain. I only know that Americans are much more badly worried about it than you are, and also that we fear it more than any other known danger to our security and well-being. In fact, American public opinion has become almost panic-stricken about communism.

A national approach to the real dangers of communism in America is made much more difficult by a number of complexities in American government and in American life which are absent in Britain. Our complicated constitutional structure has resulted in the growth of vigorous anti-communist programmes on the national level, the state level, and the municipal level. There is steady competition amongst these governmental units to see which can produce the toughest policies and procedures for combating disloyalty and subversion. In addition to this we have a wide variety of racial and cultural groups in America which can be counted upon to react in sharply different ways to the emotional impact of a threat to the national security. America has been called a nation of 'joiners' and there are almost countless societies, groups, and associations, each of which may formulate and promote its own policies and principles with respect to the way in which the menace of communism should be appraised and dealt with. In a large federal union like the United States all this regionalism, factionalism, and individualism is probably desirable. Whether it is desirable or not, it is inevitable. And there can be no question that it has made a prudent and tolerant approach to the problems presented by the communist menace much more difficult than it would be in a compact, unitary state.

I think it is clear that the most serious break-down in American regard for tolerance and civil liberty today is the direct result of the hysteria and fanaticism with respect to communism to which I have referred. The hunting down of communists, and those suspected of being associated with them, could be called our latest national sport, if one could apply the word sport to anything so grim and sometimes so brutal. Thoughtful Americans do not deny the reality of the communist threat, both external and internal, to American national security, and a prudent government is bound to take adequate measures to protect that national security. But I can assure you that there is mounting concern over the recklessness and irresponsibility with which this anti-communist drive is being carried on. I shall comment on two or three aspects of this very disturbing situation.

In the first place, we are paying a very heavy price in terms of tolerance and respect for human rights, for having allowed our national and state campaigns against communism and subversion to fall largely into the hands of our politicians, and I mean concretely into the hands of our legislative committees on un-American activities. These committees have assumed the responsibility of 'exposing' persons who are or have been communists, fellow-travellers, or possible communist sympathisers. It is only fair to say that in some cases these legislative committees have brought criminal activity to light, and some of the reports compiled by them have added usefully to our knowledge of communist strategy. But their vulnerable spot, in my judgment, is the fact that when you expose something you do it with the maximum of publicity. This has meant that these committees do the major part of their work with the aid of newspaper headlines and television cameras.

This, in turn, has meant that the exposure of a man listed as a possible communist sympathiser, becomes punishment of the most serious kind. The committee is without power to fine this man or to send him to gaol, but the nation-wide publicity given to his appearance before the committee, even when the charges or insinuations against him remain unproven, has in many cases cost him his job and destroyed his reputation as a loyal citizen. He is not allowed to confront or cross-examine his accusers; in fact he seldom knows who they are, and often he has no adequate chance to defend himself or to clear his good name.

One serious aspect of this callous disregard for the rights of individuals is that it is increasing in almost geometrical proportions, because of the fact that this task of exposing communists and other disloyal persons has come to be the most profitable political activity in which an ordinary congressman or state legislator can now engage. To become chairman, or even just a member, of a major committee investigating un-American activities is to become a national figure overnight, and furthermore a national figure who is engaged in the highly approved task of saving the nation from its enemies. It is reported that 185 of our 221 Republican members of the House of Representatives applied for membership on the House Committee on Un-American Activities last January when the new Republican Congress was getting organised.

No one begrudges a man the just rewards of public service successfully performed, but the disturbing thing about this situation is that if rich political rewards are to be reaped from exposing communists and fellow-travellers you cannot afford to run out of people to expose. They constitute the raw materials with which the politician works. He must keep them in full supply. Thus is generated an almost irresistible temptation to find communists and other disloyal persons where they do not with certainty exist. Resort is had to the vicious doctrine of guilty by association, and innocent and wholly harmless and patriotic persons are harassed and exposed because of some former association with a group or cause that may have had communist sponsorship. Essential standards of fair play in dealing with these persons are too often sacrificed in order that the wheels shall keep on turning and the job of exposure shall continue.

In what I have been saying I am not criticising or attacking politicians for being politicians. I am not criticising congressmen for being politicians. Someone has neatly said: 'Politician is a job description, not an epithet'. Politicians are in fact very useful people, and we have found no way in which democratic government can get along without them. But the task of dealing with the man or woman suspected or accused of disloyalty or subversion should be the job, first, of the quasi-judicial, impartial, politically neutral administrative board, and, second, of the courts. This is not a task for which the politician is fitted. It is, in fact, a task for which he is inherently unfitted. We violate the essential principles of justice and fair play when we place the reputations and fortunes of men and women accused of disloyalty in the power of men whose political ambitions will be furthered by discrediting and ruining as many of these people as possible and by doing it in a blaze of publicity.

### Doctrine of Disloyalty in Criticism

A second phenomenon has developed in the current American campaign against communism and disloyalty, and one which seems to me to be peculiarly dangerous. This is the growth and wide acceptance of the doctrine that it is disloyal in itself to criticise any of the agencies of government which are combating communism and subversion. In the very early history of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, one of its members stated bluntly that anyone who criticised the committee was himself 'un-American'. It has proved distressingly easy to gain acceptance of that theory. I suppose that this is merely a refinement of the doctrine of guilt by association. The communists attack the un-American activities committees and similar agencies of government, and that makes a fellow-traveller out of anyone else who takes the same view. Communists attack Senator McCarthy; Jones attacks Senator McCarthy; therefore, Jones is a communist. When I studied logic this

used to be called the fallacy of the undistributed middle, but American public opinion has pretty well convinced itself that it is not a fallacy at all. We are rapidly reaching the point where thoughtful and reasoned criticism of the methods and procedures of our legislative committees engaged in exposing subversion does nothing but boomerang upon its authors. The astute politicians directing our anti-communist campaign have built up a unique immunity to effective attack or criticism. Let the most respected and patriotic citizen venture to suggest that these communist hunters are abridging the civil liberties of the men and women brought before them, and the instant and apparently wholly effective reply is: 'That is exactly what the communist *Daily Worker* said about us only last week'. There is no longer necessity to meet intelligent criticism on its merits; it is much easier and much more persuasive to suggest that really loyal and patriotic people would not be indulging in such criticism at all.

I am not exaggerating when I say that it requires an ever-increasing amount of courage to call attention to the shortcomings of the leaders of our anti-communist campaign, let alone protest against them. One doing so is almost certain to be branded as a communist sympathiser. I need hardly emphasise the deadly peril in which democratic principles and institutions are placed when free and open criticism of our political leaders and their official activities becomes in itself an offence against the state, or at least an evidence of disloyalty. We are rapidly moving in that direction in America today.

There is a third disturbing phase of the American drive against communism and subversion. Not only have we allowed it to be managed on the governmental level by politicians and amateurs, but we have also thrown it open to commercial exploitation. Hunting communists is a good way to get ahead in American political life; it is also a good way to make a living. The happy idea that one can make money out of vigorous patriotic activity is appealing to an ever-increasing number of our people. They become the paid secretaries of private groups and societies; they publish anti-communist news-letters; they sell their private appraisals of the loyalty of prospective employees to timid business men who are glad to pay well for the protection thus secured. They scrutinise the text-books used in American schools and colleges, and the speakers who are allowed to talk to student audiences, and they institute boycotts against books and speakers suspected of undue liberality

of opinion on social and economic problems. The power and influence exerted by these private witch-hunters is far in excess of their numbers. Without any legal or political power of any kind they have built up a highly profitable business of selling to willing customers accusations and suspicions directed against citizens who are wholly helpless to defend themselves against such attacks. We are making striking progress in the United States in driving out of existence the notorious Ku-Klux-Klan, which for years has been our most conspicuous and disgraceful form of vigilantism. Countless Americans of good will, who abhor the Ku-Klux-Klan, have allowed themselves to support with enthusiasm a more subtle but sometimes more vicious form of vigilantism carried on by those who traffic in suspicion, innuendo and accusation directed against defenseless citizens in the community.

There are millions of quiet and thoughtful Americans who are shocked and seriously distressed at the steady and mounting loss of tolerance in our handling of the vitally important problem of protecting American national security against communism and subversion. They are bitterly resentful at the lurid instances of bad behaviour upon the part of some of our less responsible public officials. There is, however, some encouraging evidence of growing concern about these things in official quarters from which corrective action may be hoped for. The powerful Rules Committee of the House of Representatives has recently set itself to the task of studying and reforming the rules of procedure by which our legislative investigating committees now carry on their work, so that witnesses called before those committees may be more fairly and justly treated. There has been a steadily increasing demand for reform in this area. President Eisenhower and Attorney-General Brownell, by their recent forthright comments about book burning, have given some aid and comfort to those who are struggling for greater sanity, greater tolerance, greater regard for our American tradition of civil liberty. The President's hold upon the imagination, the affection, and the confidence of most of the American people, including a great many who voted for Governor Stevenson, remains one of the really impressive political phenomena of modern times. It may well require the wise and courageous leadership of such a man to pull America back to the realisation, which we never should have lost, that a great democratic state can find ways to be safe without sacrificing liberty and justice and tolerance.—*Third Programme*

## Eastward Ho!

By DENIS JOHNSTON

**I**SUPPOSE it must be apparent that about half the student population of the United States crosses the Atlantic at this time of year and devotes the summer to hiking, visiting in foreign families, laying down roads on the Continent, and attending countless educational sessions in summer schools.

It was my lot a few weeks ago to cross over on one of the student ships that carries these visitors and to live the life of about 500 or 600 of them for eight days. We were fed cafeteria style. Most of them slept in dormitories holding forty or fifty people; square-danced and sang in chorus all the evening, and moved throughout the rest of the day to the exhortation of loudspeakers, which announced from time to time various items in a programme of 'orientation' that prepared them for Europe, told them what to expect, how to get around, and perhaps, above all, how to answer some of the questions that it was felt were likely to be put them about their own country by people on this side of the water. I had never been orientated before—at least, certainly not as a preparation for re-entering my own territory. So it was an interesting experience to attend some of those forums and special discussion groups, and to learn how to get on with Europeans.

These ships provide another example of the old adage, 'the far-off hills are green'. In one direction they usually carry D.P.s, most of whom are certain that heaven lies somewhere behind the McCarron Curtain. In the other direction they carry these students, all convinced that it is necessary to visit Europe, and thrilled by the prospect of seeing Le Havre and Liverpool. In short, everybody wants to be somewhere else, and what is a slum in Dublin is a thrilling old piece of Joyceana when viewed from the opposite side of the ocean.

And so, we have this large crowd of very intelligent adolescents, all eager to meet Europe for the first time, and not at all naive as to what to expect. They have heard, for instance, as regards railway travel that there are first and third-class carriages—no seconds—and that the only remaining difference between them is the fact that in the firsts one may sometimes avoid the plethora of conversation that so frequently goes on in the thirds. So the illusion does not ride them that nobody ever speaks in English railway carriages. Even the English Joke is not unknown to them. They have read *Punch*, and will both see and understand an English joke. They may not think it funny, but they do know that, all appearances to the contrary, it is in fact a joke, and they recognise that everybody is entitled to his own taste even in the matter of laughs.

In short, their orientation is far from being so superficial as to concern itself with criticism of their hosts, except perhaps in the realm of seriousness. It follows two principal lines: straightforward travel tips, and, secondly, a consideration of their own country as they imagine it to be seen through European eyes. And what they principally bother about is what to say in answer to our criticisms of them. For these young people, who in some respects are much the most important of our summer visitors, are the reverse of the usual conception of the American tourist. To begin with, they are not rich. They come over here at the equivalent cost of about £20 each way. Do not go by the rate of exchange, which is entirely arbitrary. An American who has earned a dollar in his own country has earned what to him is about 3s. They do all sorts of chores around the ship to earn a little extra cash. And a large proportion of them work for the rest of their vacation.

They are not as a rule either smug or self-satisfied. Most of them are extremely anxious to create the right impression, and they do not really think that everything is bigger and better at home. They are lucky to be Americans—that is what most of them think. It is true that they usually assume that other people think so too. But it is a friendly attitude, and through it all runs this slightly apologetic feeling that they are in for a hostile reception, and will have to know how to excuse and explain themselves—explain McCarthy, and apologise for American immigration regulations—which I doubt are much bothered about by the British population, travelling lecturers only excepted. They expect to have to answer questions about the position of the American Negro, about the Rosenbergs, and about Charlie Chaplin, and all this in a world that is strangely unserious about the pressing menace of communism, and oddly flippant about American efforts to help in the matter. And so, with so much to learn on the way over, these ships are hives of activity: lantern slides of Florence, classical gramophone recitals, literary surveys, and discussions of the problems of minorities. Everybody goes voluntarily to these classes—that is the striking thing—even the Big Letter Men and the Queens of the Campus. And so the passage from New World to Old is made without anybody pointing out the peculiar fact that America is now almost all that is left of the Old World, while Europe is distinctly a new one.

### Problem of Early Closing

First, let us go over some of the travel tips. These cover a great deal of ground, and in many ways they make one realise that England is really rather naughty as far as strangers are concerned. It is not only the money, that can be learnt and identified only by laying our different sizes and shapes of coins on a pictorial key (problems like 'What is eleven and a half guineas?' require pencil and paper). But take early closing. It is compulsory, and it is most frequently Saturday. But it does not have to be Saturday, and it is occasionally not even the same time in different sections of the same shop. They did their best about this, and they did their best about the pubs, the closing hours of which can be discovered only by staying in until one is put out. And what about these subtle differences between the saloon bar, the lounge bar, and the bottle and jug department that may lead one into all sorts of solecisms? In some you may have beer in the bottle but not on draught, and sometimes with a different price, depending on whether you are standing up or sitting down. In which does a lady wear a skirt to avoid comments? Is mild milder than bitter, and what do you ask for if you don't like either? Is it better not to play darts if you are not good, or is this stand-offish? You see some of the problems.

Then there are some peculiarities about culture and sport. Apparently you may take an umbrella into the Royal Academy but not into the National Gallery. I confess, I had not known this myself. In fact, I have since learnt that this privilege in connection with the Royal Academy applies only in the Summer—and not to the Winter Loan Exhibition. However, as they will be gone by the winter they may never discover that they were not fully informed about umbrellas. And, talking of umbrellas, why is there a certain social distinction about an umbrella in England—provided of course that it is properly rolled—but not about goloshes, which are distinctly sissy, while it is the other way round in America? Then, of course, there is cricket, which may go on for several days, and which must be taken very seriously, although—this is important—nobody may cheer, only clap, and, perhaps, very occasionally, hiss. Cricket is best stayed away from, except perhaps as an experience. No attempt should be made to follow its nuances, or indeed, to have it explained at all: because when this is done by anyone qualified to do so, a great many expressions are used that call for further explanations, and this usually ends in bad feeling.

The theatre, on the other hand, is greatly looked up to by our visitors (as is the British bicycle) especially the straight, legitimate theatre. Fortunately the matter of the British pantomime does not arise in the case of summer visitors, or I don't know where we should be. To explain how a Principal Boy singing calypsos can represent the Lord Mayor of London would, I feel, be beyond the power of orientation. But for straight plays it is usually wisest to sit well down near the front if you can afford it, as a great deal of the best British acting is almost inaudible, and—since smoking is often allowed—the British bronchitis sometimes is louder than the play. And one must be prepared for a very irritating thing. Sixpence extra is charged for a programme, in spite of the fact that it is full of advertisements and one has paid for admission already. Then there is the queue stool. This is another matter

that was gone into at some length, though without much profit. For how long can it legitimately represent one's physical presence in a queue? Can one ring up and engage it? Or must one go there to begin with? And, in any event, if you do not have to stay there, why not just issue a ticket for the theatre? Never fully explained; in fact I am now in rather a fog myself.

Then there is broadcasting. The B.B.C. is state-owned, and it is not state-owned. What it says is approved of by the Government, but the Government has no right to approve of what it says. Its programmes are generally expected to be rather slow and to reflect some of the difficulties, already mentioned, of the British joke. But it is a great feat to run them without commercials.

But, as I said before, the main problems are really about their own country, and how they are to face the somewhat hostile queries which they diffidently feel are bound to be put to them here? Altogether, we had seven mornings on the voyage for seven main forums on these points. And they were approached in a very practical way. At the first, Mr. Attlee, M. Bidault (I think it was Bidault) and Mr. Malenkov all appeared in impersonation, and explained their points of view. That is to say various instructors played the parts of these personages. Mr. Malenkov might perhaps have put his case a little bluntly, and I feel that Mr. Attlee may have been guilty of some over-simplification of the problems of the Welfare State. But it was a good idea, and it was followed up in the realm of philosophy by Mr. Julian Huxley, M. Jean-Paul Sartre in an authentic beret, and the spiritual leader of east Berlin who appeared in a cardboard mitre. All these lit fires which were very effectively put out, as might be expected.

Over the immigration regulations a hoax was played on those landing in France. It was announced that the French Government had decreed that all American visitors would have to answer the same twenty-four questions before landing that are said to be put to visitors arriving in the United States. This created quite a stir, particularly when some of the questions were read out: Have you ever been in a brothel? Have you ever belonged to any subversive organisation of any kind? (No definition given, of course, as to who or what it might be subversive of.) Do you intend to commit any immoral act? What are you going to do the first night after your arrival? And, best of all, a special question for incoming brides: Are you prepared to carry out your marital duties to the satisfaction of the Attorney-General? These may seem incredible questions, and I must say they have not so far been asked of me. But we were assured that they are asked nowadays, and the prospect of them being asked back by the French Government gave some of our fellow travellers a lot to think about, even though this prospect turned out to be only a joke.

So we came to our final session: a debate, not on the peculiarities of the countries already looming into sight over the horizon, but on the very modest and amusing topic 'Are Americans cultural boneheads?'—a subject that we would never venture to discuss over here, but which these students entered into with all the verve at their command. Because that is what they are like: eager, very self-critical, bursting with energy, slightly confused by two contradictory beliefs—that we are all burning with indignation over various aspects of their country's policy, and, at the same time, painfully unserious about the world in general. And when I got off the boat at Southampton and saw a headline in the paper, reading 'England Faces Darkest Hour', for a moment, I felt that the old country perhaps was no longer flippant, and was about to turn a more serious face to young America and the problems facing it. However, I am glad to say that before I passed the paper round, I noticed that this headline referred to the Test Match.—*Home Service*

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Among recent publications are: *Study in Power: John D. Rockefeller, Industrialist and Philanthropist*, by Allan Nevins (Scribners, 2 vols., 63s.); *A History of Philosophy, Vol. III Ockham to Suárez*, by Frederick Copleston, S.J. (Burns Oates, 'The Bellarmine Series, XIV', 30s.); *Soviet Civilization*, by Corliss Lamont (Elek, 18s.); *A Guide to English Traditions and Public Life*, by Egerton Smith (Oxford, 21s.); *The Sacred Scriptures of the Japanese*, by Post Wheeler (Allen and Unwin, 65s.); *English Furniture: the Georgian Period (1750-1830)*, by Margaret Jourdain and F. Rose (Batsford, 63s.); *Perón's Argentina*, by George I. Blanksten (Cambridge, 49s.). Reprints include: *Art and the Reformation*, by G. G. Coulton (Cambridge, 50s.); *Colony to Nation: a History of Canada*, by A. R. M. Lower (Longmans, 25s.); *White Man's Country: Lord Delamere and the Making of Kenya*, by Elspeth Huxley (Chatto and Windus, 2 vols., 36s.); *The Book of English Law*, by Edward Jenks, revised by D. J. L. Davies (Murray, 21s.); *A Guide to Mental Testing*, by Raymond B. Cattell (University of London Press, 35s.).

# The Gardens of André Le Nôtre

By DAVID GREEN

**W**HEN Sir Winston Churchill was a very young man at Blenheim it was his custom to indulge with his friends in a game called 'French and English'. What the rules of this game were, if there were any rules, I do not know, but it was certainly boisterous, so boisterous that after the first few minutes only the toughest remained in the ranks. Vanbrugh's Great Hall, with its vaulted corridors, was a peculiarly apt place for such a game; for looking down on the players from its niche above the saloon door was the bust of Marlborough, with the defiant caption—

Behold the man to distant nations known,  
Who shook the Gallick, fix'd the Austrian throne

—while over the garden entrance to that same saloon blazed the Sun King himself, the immense marble busto of Louis Quatorze, captured by Marlborough at Tournai and set there in sardonic triumph, to stare out over the last and greatest of England's formal French gardens, created by Queen Anne's gardener, Henry Wise.

### Plans Left by Henry Wise

Wise left a considerable fortune (his will stipulates burial 'with all the modesty and privacy imaginable without pomp or ostentation; but what is usually expended in that manner to be given to the poor'). He left also a large bundle of plans. Some are of the royal parks for which he was responsible; others are of gardens in Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Austria, and France, countries where he had never travelled. These last, then, were patterns, and among them it is of great interest to find beautifully coloured plans of the gardens at St. Cloud, Clagny, and St. Germain-en-Laye, for all three were designed or improved by Louis XIV's master gardener, André Le Nôtre.

Clagny, built at Versailles for Madame de Montespan, had an enchanting garden. The two long beds of *broderie* were but the beginning of it, a formal setting for a formal house. Orange trees were screened by myrtles in such a way as to appear rooted in a terrace, and at some distance from the *château* a small wood had been spared—'*un petit bois sombre*', Madame de Sévigné called it, '*qui fait fort bien*'. It was typical of Le Nôtre. A stickler for formality near the house, he delighted to spring surprises in hidden bosquets and, like Vanbrugh after him, welcomed the more rustic note, albeit decently modulated, in parts of the grounds 'more retir'd and Solemn'.

The gardens at St. Germain were already famed when in 1669 Le Nôtre was called in to improve them. In the late sixteenth century Claude Mollet had terraced them, *à la Villa d'Este*, right down to the Seine, and furthermore had installed a series of grottoes in which dragons belched water, Perseus rescued Andromeda, Orpheus played his lute, and a goddess unnamed played an organ. It was the kind of Italian puerility which Le Nôtre, himself a man of wit, abominated. He substituted fountains, splaying vistas (*pattes d'oie*) in lime and hornbeam, and the long terrace that survives, with its tremendous view across the Seine valley. But, for the rest, calamity has overtaken both gardens. Clagny has been obliterated by a road, and St. Germain has been bisected by an electric railway. It is an odd thing to see. In the middle of what was formerly the Great Parterre a railway signal appears to spring from the very heart of a rosebed; while all that is left of a pleached lime avenue is one row of trees. The answering row now runs like this: lime tree, lime tree, lime tree, railway cutting, lime tree. Standing there with Wise's plan in my hand I rubbed my eyes and wondered whether I could have come to the right place. For even beyond all this horror (and the *château* itself, rebuilt in municipal-gothick, is as monstrous as anything there) the garden sprawls on to become a sad muddle of dusty shrubs vaguely reminiscent of Wandsworth.

The third tragedy could easily have been St. Cloud, but it is not. It so nearly was, because during the Prussian occupation of 1870 the *château* was burned down. Yet, headless, it is still triumphantly beautiful; triumphantly because, from the beginning, the site being a precipice, it hurled such a challenge at Le Nôtre as only he knew how to meet. His terraces there are noble, so are his fountain-basins and so is the

enormous park. As for the outlook towards Paris, the whole garden is tilted towards it, as though Paris were mistress enough, without need of *château* or *châtelaine*. Of all that the grounds contain, and there is no dearth of ornament, I remember especially two things: a huddle of grotesque old Judas trees in full flower, writhing away leafless from the high bastion of a terrace; and the Grand Cascade, which is like the petrified slope of a volcano carved by goblins. It begins conventionally enough, up there among the tree-tops, with a couple of river-gods tilting an urn, but as it flings itself down the hill it breaks out into every unimaginable monster, and into basins, stairways, masks with shaggy eyebrows, and forty gigantic chandeliers, all spouting and streaming water. Supporting all this are three vast tortoises. Then comes a carriage drive, and below that it all begins again; ending up at last in a canal and a round pool. Almost the entire concoction is smothered in frostwork of a kind copied by Grinling Gibbons at Blenheim, and it is largely to that frostwork that it owes its petrified look. It is not Le Nôtre's, but of earlier, Italian origin. When played for the first time it is said to have drawn all Paris.

The great manifest gaps in Henry Wise's collection of garden plans are, of course, Le Nôtre's masterpieces at Versailles and Vaux-le-Vicomte. There can be little doubt but that Wise knew those plans. Perhaps he wore them out or lost them; or perhaps they were altogether too ambitious or too formal for him to attempt to copy. To the English eye Versailles is unremittingly formal, geometrical, artificial. Yet here, as elsewhere, Le Nôtre declined to be a slave to symmetry, and while making his bosquets similar in mass saw to it that they were startlingly dissimilar in content. He valued surprise yet counted it as nothing compared with the fundamental importance of vista and prospect. It was the first article in his creed, albeit a negative one, that a restricted view was never to be tolerated. No urn, no obelisk, certainly no tree, must be allowed to halt the glance, to obscure the vista. All very fine . . . but for the limitless prospect, to ensure even the semblance of infinity, one needs to be rich and ruthless. Le Nôtre's patrons were apt to be both; but in this country . . . One has only to compare Paris with London, a city paved with good intentions thwarted by compromise, to realise what must happen over here to a plan for a garden on the Le Nôtre scale. It would be so sweetly transmuted, the resultant demi-paradise would so closely resemble yet another 'natural' Eden, its own begetter would not recognise it.

### Versailles—No Makeshift

At Versailles nothing need to be makeshift: there were no half-measures. There Le Nôtre could count not only on the royal purse but on the collaboration of craftsmen of the calibre of Le Brun, Mansart, and Coysevox. Again undaunted by the terrain he had to deal with, which was boggy and barbarous, and the immensity of his commission, he leapt at the challenge and, again like Vanbrugh, whom in wit and breadth of outlook he must have resembled, produced a fine child '*out of Bushes, Boggs and Bryars*'. More's the pity that so much of his work at Versailles has been obliterated or superseded. He had an almost magical way with hornbeam hedge, for instance, which he treated architecturally. A thirty-foot wall of it would be prescribed to set off a line of statues, and again hornbeam was used as the back-cloth of his water theatre, a stage set in a glade with grass steps as seats for the spectators. At the back of the stage, between walls of hornbeam, ran three alleys flanked with water-jets designed to play either along the paths or across them, meeting each other in a succession of white arches, an enfilade growing fainter and fainter till lost to sight.

The water theatre has gone and so have most of Le Nôtre's hornbeams, yet Versailles remains, for nobility of ornament and for grandeur of prospect, the most sumptuous garden in the world. One has but to stand in the *Galerie des Glaces* and look towards the Trianon to appreciate the capacity of the man who conceived it. The sheer immensity of it, as one's eye travels down those gracious terraces and along the distant Grand Canal to infinity, the faultless proportions,

are overwhelmingly impressive. To criticise, let alone to compete, would seem out of place, indeed out of the question.

Yet, faintly but perceptibly, here in the Sun King's very palace recurs that battle music—could it be *Marlrouk s'en va-t-en guerre?*—the introit for that old-fashioned game of 'French and English' or 'Beating the French'. For it was here that the late Duke of Marlborough, properly intent upon endowing Blenheim with the formal pedestal Vanbrugh intended for it, stood with his *jardiniste*, the late Achille Duchêne, and decided that the Grand Canal was too narrow. 'And what is more', he added for the benefit of his distinguished French consultant, 'we must be very careful at Blenheim not to decorate in the French style'. The making of Blenheim's water-terrace gardens took five years, exhausting both Duke and architect. Yet at the end of it all the Duke magnanimously acknowledged Duchêne's success. 'Pray tell Monsieur Duchêne', he wrote in 1929, 'that the ensemble of the Terraces is magnificent and in my judgment far superior to the work done by Le Nôtre at



Versailles, 'the most sumptuous garden in the world'. Right: Duchêne's proposal for the water-terrace gardens at Blenheim with the endorsement of the ninth Duke of Marlborough (quoted below)

Versailles. The proportion of the house, the Terrace and the Lake is perfect . . .'

Whether Duchêne himself, stifling national pride, felt compensated for having had to throw over Le Nôtre in favour of Bernini and his compatriots one is left to guess. He did as a parting shot plead earnestly that the water of his terraces be kept ever in motion, but even in that ('A vulgar display of waterworks', observed the Duke, 'can be seen at any exhibition or public park') he was not to have his way. While across Duchêne's original draft for the gardens the Duke had written:

If you study this picture and compare it with the finished work on the Terraces you will realise the immense influence I had over the architect in making the effect of the Terrace classical in appearance and how I succeeded in destroying the French middle-class view of a formal garden.

It is said that while work was in progress the



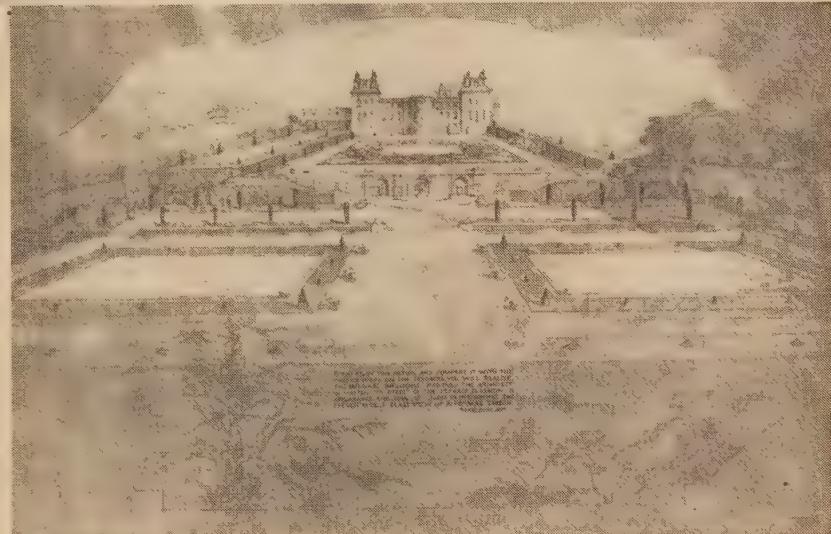
The Grand Cascade at St. Cloud, by floodlight

French Tourist Office

Duke and his chosen architect stormed at each other, stamping with rage. It is more than likely. Both cared enormously and both were right. Duchêne was right according to Le Nôtre. The Duke was right in his interpretation of the Italian baroque. The result was and is superb.

Talking with France's leading garden-architect not long ago I ventured to compare Henry Wise's brick-walled vegetable garden at Blenheim with the white stuccoed *Potager du Roi* at Versailles, to the latter's disadvantage. It did not do at all. To attempt such comparisons, still less to try to transplant gardens themselves, was, I was assured, the greatest *bêtise*. 'When I am consulted for a garden', he added, 'I consider first the light. Some people think that because all men spring from the same elements and all depend upon earth and sun, so all may enjoy the same kind of garden. It is absolute nonsense!'

It is elementary, of course, that whether one owns a Melbourne or a Renishaw, a Villandry or a Versailles, or even a Villa d'Este, light and land must dictate; but the stream running invisibly through all these great gardens is the stream of thought, of earnest, concentrated thought. At the close of a long letter to Achille Duchêne, Charles, ninth Duke of Marlborough, added: 'Turn all these matters over in your mind when you are at rest in the evening, for it is only by thought, constant thought, and mature reflection that artists have left their great works for the enjoyment of posterity'. — *Third Programme*



Country Life

# 'Out of a Hayfield into a Mansion'

COLIN MacINNES on Castlecoole\*

**W**HENEVER I come to a new town I like to get my bearings with a bird's-eye view. So I make for the highest steeple and climb up it through the dank dark and cobwebs to the giddy panorama up above. At Enniskillen there is something even better than a steeple—a monumental column on Fort-hill. From the top of it you can see all County Fermanagh and Lough Erne laced with islands, stretching up to Ballyshannon and Donegal Bay. And to Ballyshannon each stone of Castlecoole was brought from Portland Bill, and a special jetty had to be built for the brig *Martha* which carried them there. The huge blocks were unloaded and brought by bullock-cart eight miles to Lough Erne, ferried down the lake to Enniskillen, and carted again a mile or two outside the town to the rise above Lough Coole where the castle now stands.

'Castle' coole: the name suggests battlements and draw-bridges, but in Ireland the term is used more as the French use *château* to describe some vast, aristocratic pile built in later and relatively peaceful days. And nothing could be less battlemented than the stately, symmetrical, late-Georgian building that you suddenly see as you come up the winding drive that turns in off the Dublin road. Very late Georgian it is. James Wyatt, the architect, who was a rival of the Adam brothers in the glowing autumn of English classic building, was also a precursor of the Victorian Gothic revival. He built romantic Font-hill for William Beckford with the same skill that is manifest in the classic Castlecoole that he designed for Armagh Lowry-Corry, first Earl of Belmore.

What seems so strange and so impressive about this enterprise of an Irish nobleman and an English architect is this: Lord Belmore was fifty years old when he started building Castlecoole in 1790; it cost him most of his fortune (£54,000—almost twice as much as he had expected), it took him eight years to build, and the main structure was completed only four years before his death. He built it as an act of faith, and today we see it looking more perfect than ever he did. As for James Wyatt, he designed this masterpiece—on which were employed twenty-five stone cutters, twenty-six masons, seventeen carpenters and eighty-three labourers, not to mention such specialists as Joseph Rose the plasterer and Dominic Bartoli the worker in marbles—without ever setting foot in Ireland himself to look at it. Evidently for architects as for composers of music, it is enough to hold their creation in their mind's eye without needing to see or hear it with their senses as we lesser mortals have to.

From outside the Portland stone is less glitteringly white than photographs suggest: it is more of a greyish, mottled white. But as you approach it from the park of huge beeches, each like eight trees knotted into one, you walk, as Wyatt promised you would, 'out of a hayfield into a mansion'. From the front you see an oblong centre block with a massive Ionic portico flanked on either side by delicate Doric colonnades and small terminal pavilions. The rear elevation

repeats this design, except that the portico is replaced here by a great semi-circular bay whose windows look out to Enniskillen and the Belmore mountains. No out-houses, no annexes, no later wings; perfectly balanced, chimney repeating chimney, window window, and column column like an exercise in logic and good manners. Even perhaps a little over-perfect, the drawing board not altogether hidden by the stone.

You go in by a huge door beneath the portico—a door of solid mahogany. And this word 'solid', that seems to have attached itself to 'mahogany' like a verbal varnish, how fitting it is here where all the woodwork, even the woodwork that is painted over, is of this heavy, alien timber. And as if to double the effect, on the ground floor all the doors are double also. I mean that there are two pairs of doors between each room. And they are pivoted—they have no hinges. So that

these great walls of wood glide open at your touch as if suspended in mid-air. And their mass is offset, too, by other features of the rooms—the columns of coloured crushed marble scagliola by Dominic Bartoli, and by Joseph Rose's graceful fantasies in plaster on the walls and ceilings. Joseph Rose, plasterer for Adam at Syon House as well, did come over to Ireland in person, where it seems that he so impressed the natives of Enniskillen that they dubbed him 'Sir' Joseph Rose. He deserved his fame. For when the house was re-decorated by the National Trust a year or so ago, scarcely a fragment of his intricate designs was found to be defective.

But the work of the forgotten masons and

carpenters is no less remarkable—that army of craftsmen who built a veritable factory at the site of Castlecoole, some Irish, from Dublin and elsewhere, others English, imported like the stone. The English, it seems, were rather reluctant to come over because they feared they might be press-ganged on the way. And when at last they got to County Fermanagh the dampness of the climate greatly distressed them. So that Lord Belmore, who did his own contracting, had to tempt them to stay with wages as high as 3s. 9½d. a day. They certainly earned them: the huge, stone slabs of the floors are still perfectly level; the great windows and shutters open evenly; and the furniture—some of which was built in the cellars of Castlecoole when work on the house itself was suspended during the winter—its joining and polishing are still immaculate.

May I take you on a brief conducted tour. The entrance hall: high, light-grey walls, columns in porphyry moulded marble, classic statues in niches, and four white *torchères*, now fitted with electric light. Then through the double doors into the breath-taking saloon with its mottled grey and white and black scagliola pillars and crimson hangings that throw pink light on to Joseph Rose's ceiling ornamented with oak leaves and bay. The oval doors of this room are satinwood painted in the Pompeian manner, and in recesses are fine rococo stoves made of fire clay. (Not the only practical feature of Castlecoole, by the



Castlecoole, near Enniskillen, County Fermanagh: the south front

\* Castlecoole is open to the public from April until September, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays from two o'clock until six



The circular saloon



The state bedroom

way: it was one of the first houses in the country to have plumbing, and in the basement there was actually a bath.) The gilt furniture in the saloon is French Empire provided by the second earl, who cruised for two years in the Mediterranean in his yacht *Osprey* collecting it. And with perfect judgment, for Wyatt's designs for the interior of Castlecoole are much more ornate than those for the classic façades, and the continental gilt and silks blend triumphantly with the lavish inventions of Bartoli and of Rose.

On one side of the saloon is the rather calmer dining room decorated in pale blue-green, and on the other the sumptuous drawing room. Here you can see a portrait of the first earl and of the fourth, who died in 1913 after serving as Governor of New South Wales. It was he who wrote the *History of Two Ulster Manors*, a most interesting book which gives a profusion of detail about the Lowry and Corry families and their estates. Two vast pink-and-white striped sofas, gigantic like barges, flank the fireplace, and there is a quantity of admirable French and English furniture and of Chelsea, Dresden, and Crown Derby china. On the piano is a careful drawing by Wyatt showing exactly how he wished the curtains to be draped. And I can only repeat how amazing it is to see that an architect sitting in No. 69 Queen Anne Street East, in London, could visualise every detail of this Irish palace he was erecting by remote control.

Across the hall is the library. What first catches your eye is a formidable, gilt curtain-rod, like a regal battering ram, and the most ornate of the six marble chimney pieces which the sculptor Richard Westmacott designed for Castlecoole at a cost of £969. This one, carved to imitate hanging, almost funereal drapery, introduces a somewhat grotesque note in a house of a taste otherwise so impeccable. There is an unusual screen in the library adorned with copies of sporting pictures by John Wootton, and on its back, if you go round behind and look, you see thirty-two portraits of eminent horses. And, lining the walls, books comfortably bound in anonymous leather provide a decorative element as important as the patterned carpet or the plaster ceiling.

Outside the library is the celebrated stair: a single flight to the half-landing where it branches to a double flight that leads back up over your head to the first floor. This stair is rather more narrow, less grandiloquent, than one might expect, but projecting from its well of high, bare walls

it is remarkably graceful and, in a curious way, modern. Facing the stairway at the top is the lobby, a hall from which the first-floor rooms lead off, lit from above by an oval glass dome and surrounded at the second-floor level by a gallery whose ceiling is carried on coupled columns of wood painted to resemble marble.

From this lobby you pass into the bow room in the semi-circular bay I mentioned. It is now a museum, with more of Wyatt's drawings and family curios: a Jamaican box encrusted with seashells; a wheelbarrow containing the spade with which the fourth countess planted a ceremonial tree in New South Wales; a surprising urn which turns out to be the prototype of the modern automatic cigarette lighter; and in a glass case, stuffed, one of the grey lag geese which Colonel James Corry introduced in 1709. Their descendants, thirty or forty of them, still survive. You can see them from this very window sitting on the lawn above the lough, the only ones of their kind in the British Isles.

On the other side of the lobby is the state bedroom, re-decorated in 1821 when George IV came to visit Ireland to open Kingstown harbour. The King did not come to Castlecoole after all, though everything was made ready.

The flock wallpaper like velvet to the touch, the curtains and pelmets of flame silk and, on the table, the Bible: one is always placed, so I was told, in a room where a king is to sleep. The state bed is as magnificent as the washstand is modest; and to climb into it there is a little staircase like the mounting steps from which plump or elderly riders used to heave themselves on to their horses.

This magnificent tour completed I was left with a feeling of wonder and yet of faint regret. It was this: there is no perfect use today for these great houses once the families who built and cherished them have been forced to lose them. Better the guardian hand of the National Trust than the decay that might otherwise overtake them. But how can a palace built for landed aristocrats be otherwise now than a glorious shell? Visiting Castlecoole I was reminded of those Christian cathedrals of the Mediterranean that are now converted into mosques. The altar is desecrated and the spirit fled. I am not calling back yesterday; only saying that Castlecoole belongs irrevocably to it. And as I walked about its saloons and halls I felt grateful to the National Trust for making it possible for me to see them, but as certain that if this building had its own true meaning I should not be there at all.—*Home Service*



The staircase: 'remarkably graceful and, in a curious way, modern'

# The Place of Law Courts in Society

By LORD RADCLIFFE

**S**O much to say, and almost impossible to know where to begin: that is the first thing that strikes me about law reform. And I get the idea that I share that feeling with most of those who contributed to the series of talks I am now reviewing\*. To discuss law reform among fellow-lawyers—that is one thing. We have a common field of reference and something like a common method of approach: you can begin by isolating particular branches of law that all lawyers recognise, and after a detailed technical discussion you would probably end in substantial agreement as to which of the existing rules are the ones that obviously need amendment.

## Who Is To Make the Improvements?

True, the more difficult part is still to come; getting the alterations made effective. It could be done by act of parliament: but then parliament is too busy with other things to have much time for this sort of work. Some pieces of improvement, but certainly not many, could be made by the judges themselves: and there is a good deal of complaint in several of these talks that the superior courts tend to be hidebound and refuse to adjust old rules to general principles or to apply what is called a 'new equity'. I will assume that they might do more than they do: but it still remains rather a specialised legal question to say how far the judges are really at liberty to go and what are the branches of the law that need, as it were, a new look. I doubt whether the outside reader, the non-specialist, reading this series as a whole in book form, will feel himself much nearer at the end to an informed opinion about the many points involved. I would have said that he would not feel much direct interest in these questions, if I did not always find myself underestimating both the interest that non-lawyers have in legal problems and their comprehension of them.

Still, my guess is that they will be looking primarily for some light on a more general theme, a theme which is indeed the concern of everyone. Is this a period in which it is urgently important to achieve law reform on a wide scale? Some reform, of course, always: but is this a critical period such as, for instance, the period in which Bentham lived at the end of the eighteenth century, when the structure of the law was at once rigid and at the same time ill-fitted to mould the social forces of the day? The danger was that they would crack it to pieces. And, if this is that sort of period, what is the main direction in which reform should move? One thing not to do is to start this sort of discussion with the nineteenth-century notion that there is something good about reform in itself. It is better to keep two objects distinct: one, to make the law better, in the sense of more just, more humane, even, perhaps, more rational; the other, to change the law so that its shape can match new social and economic patterns. It is a happy thing when the two purposes coincide. There is no intrinsic reason why they should: but either is a valid reason for law reform, because no system of law can be much better than the people it serves.

It is plain that many of these contributors are anxious and uneasy about the state of law in this country. But before one can get down to the cause of this uneasiness and measure how far it is justified, it has to be said that we are accustomed to use the word law in the most ambiguous way. It ought to mean the whole system that prescribes a man's enforceable rights and duties. But we have two separate sources from which these come. One is the ancient rules of civil life which the judges have recognised in the courts and gradually worked into a system—though many of the rules are recent growths, applications of old principles to new circumstances. This source has the high title of the Common Law and Equity. The other source is the laws made by parliament. Judges apply both these kinds of law indifferently, but they do not approach the problems of applying them in the same way. One reason for this is that, at any rate since the seventeenth century, it has been the central function of the courts to act as guardians of what were supposed to be the ancient rights and privileges of the citizen under the common law. Keep the executive at bay; but keep a wary eye on the Houses of Parliament, also, when they pass statutes that prescribe new duties or abridge old liberties.

Another reason is that, while the common law is a body of doctrine which with all its imperfections can be thought of as a rational and connected whole, not the wildest optimist could say the same for our body of statute law. The statutes as a whole do not share any common legal principles: often it is hard enough to find any general legal conception that prevails even in a single statute. There is a short and informative talk in this series on rent control, which illustrates some of the vagaries of legal principle that turn up in acts of parliament. Take the single problem of giving a tenant security of tenure. Under the Rent Restriction Acts (unfurnished dwellings) he gets it by being given a special statutory tenancy at a special statutory rent: under the Landlord and Tenant Act which governs business premises he may get a right to renewal of his lease at a rent fixed by the county court: under the Agricultural Tenancy Acts he can stay on, against his landlord's wish but only on condition of having his rent determined by arbitration every three years: and, lastly, there is yet another system for a tenant of a furnished house. Now, sir, take your law pupil aside, and explain to him the principles upon which our law guarantees to a tenant security of tenure, with particular reference to the reasons for different methods in different cases.

When someone talks about law reform, you can never be sure whether he is thinking of judge-made law or parliament-made law. Lawyers tend to regard statute law as not quite the equivalent of real law, and consequently it is even more difficult for them than for others to get a comprehensive idea of our law as a whole. Not all the contributors to this book have succeeded in keeping clear of this ambiguity. One or two seem to me not to have allowed sufficiently for the fact that nowadays the rights and duties that affect ordinary lives are much more the product of acts of parliament and administrative rules than the product of common law. The balance has so greatly shifted, and it is no passing phase. But then it becomes rather unreal to issue warnings about the dangers of the law of this country stagnating or becoming too rigid for the new forms of society. Surely the greater danger is the reverse of this: that law is becoming so fluid, so malleable, so visibly manufactured, that it is ceasing to have the authority or significance of law at all.

I quote this appalling paragraph from Sir Cecil Carr's talk about the Town and Country Planning Act 1947:

This difficult bit of law making was accomplished in a session which also saw the enactment of state monopolies for transport, electricity, and the purchase of cotton, vital constitutional changes for India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon, formidable amendment of company law, and nearly sixty more statutes....

And the Act was not self-contained; it delegated to departments copious powers of making regulations, orders, and schemes, even of prescribing 'general principles'. The public statutes of 1950 occupied 1,000 pages, the statutory instruments of the same year over 4,000.

## Losing the Sense of Reverence

We pay for thus keeping up to date by losing the sense of reverence, which, just as much as logicality, just as much as humaneness, gives effective force to law. But at any rate we cannot talk about stagnation or rigidity. It can only be that part of law that is lawyer's law, judge-made law, that can be accused of dropping out of date and failing to adjust itself to changed needs and changed ideas. That must be the real complaint that some of these speakers want to make, that there is a great danger that this kind of law may not continue to play its old part—an important part—in the life of the country. They want to see a great effort made to rescue it. I think this is a real danger: more than that, I think it very probable that what they fear will come about: but to me the remedies suggested do not strike home because they do not aim at the real seat of the trouble.

Here is one line of criticism: no adequate attempt is made, it is said, to bring detailed rules under broad general principles and to discard or restate some of these rules in the process. Too much precedent, too little principle—judgment by mandarins. But one has to make big assumptions if one is to look for salvation in this quarter.

To begin with, you must assume that there are major principles at the back to which detailed rules can be made to conform. I do not believe that one can push that very far. The English common law seems to me rather short on philosophy and rather uncertain in logic. Its virtue has lain in other things: in its copiousness, in a strong sense of the practical, in a readiness to keep its nose to the grindstone. The theoretical study of law in text books and in academic teaching has grown greatly in recent years and these are the quarters from which come the present criticisms that the law needs a thorough-going rationalisation and that its rules ought to be regrouped in a way that will give us a much more logical structure. This pressure is backed by learned men who know what they are talking about. It can only do good to encourage the courts not to be cramped in their approach to established rules, not to be over-reverent about precedents.

### Sterile Argument

But I cannot see that this rationalising movement is an important thing in the future of the law. Much of the argument that it promotes seems to me sterile: indeed, when I follow some of the controversies about points of legal doctrine that the courts are rebuked for not clearing up, I cannot help recalling those theological niceties that at once fascinated and enraged the early Christian fathers. Often it merely conceals inert thinking to say of something that it sounds logical but that it will not work: but our common law has had a long and peculiar development and I have a strong suspicion that, if one did thoroughly tidy it up into a neater and more logical arrangement, a good deal of its special quality would disappear without enough compensating advantage.

Here is a second line of criticism: the law needs a new equity to enable it to adapt itself to modern needs. I wonder if we really know what modern needs are? Certainly nothing calls for more powerful vision than the power to discern in which direction your own period is moving. Few people get beyond seeing, rather dimly, what has been the direction of the period that is just passing away. The law is no clearer sighted: for, in the nature of things, it has to follow, it cannot lead, the society it belongs to. Its strength lies in being a consolidation of the better social habits and, as social habits change, we have to think of law as always panting after them, a little in arrear.

Allowing for this, I think I can discern some points at which our general legal principles jar on current sensibility. The impulses that have played such a large part recently in the shaping of society—the insurance feeling, the humanitarian feeling, the grievance feeling—do not find a sympathetic response in some of our established legal conceptions. These have rather a tougher fibre. We have been living in what one might call the Century of the Plaintiff: and earlier periods have been more like the Age of the Defendant. A number of things have contributed to this movement of opinion. The widespread use of insurance, so that people have come to feel that there is no loss or mischance that ought not somehow to be made good to the sufferer—by someone else. Again, so much of industry and public activity is now conducted by large impersonal corporations with large impersonal resources—as it appears: it hardly seems even unkind to make them pay for every sort of damage that an individual may have met with at their hands. And, lastly, there is the genuine, though often facile, humanitarianism that marks contemporary society—a spate of feeling that makes people indignant to be told that there can be grievances in all the dark and irresponsible record of human affairs which the law is not equipped with a remedy to put right.

Yet there are other points of view which are not altogether out of fashion. We cannot permanently shape society in terms of Poor Old Joe and Poor Young Tom. English law used to be very conscious of the fact that the rights which it will recognise are not just a question of the fair thing between two individuals, plaintiff and defendant: there is the public interest to be considered as well. It was a strength in the law that it was alive to this. Law is ultimately a question of public administration, and theorising only leads up to that final test. The public interest may often require, I think, that ideal remedies should not be pursued. Because, quite simply, life has to go on, and in a progressive society it is better that grievances, if they are not vital grievances, should be forgotten, rather than put right at the expense of public time and energy. Because, in a progressive society, it is on the whole to everyone's advantage that things done should not be undone and that everyone should be able to count on this (in a busy world few things remain for long the sole concern of plaintiff and defendant), and because it does not always suit the public interest that certain things should be

put right by the courts, even if they ought to be adjusted in the ordinary decencies of private life.

All this makes me sceptical of the theme that we ought to bring law up to date by reforming established rules in the light of 'natural justice'. To some extent that process is always going on. But it is not essentially a modernising process and it certainly is not something that would be a new and revolutionary process in the hands of modern judges. There is nothing new about the prayer that those set in authority may truly and indifferently minister justice to the punishment of wickedness and vice and to the maintenance of true religion and virtue. But it is misleading to treat these as simple ideas. In the affairs of a complex society, it is often impossible to discern which side natural justice is on: it is only while it is a general phrase that everyone agrees with it. There is no system that requires a sterner or more meticulous training for those who are to apply it, and a warm heart and a humane temper are not by any means sufficient qualification. Our established system is adapting itself to social change. If it is doing so too slowly, it is mainly because the changes are rapid and, as in all revolutionary periods, their direction is not clearly determined. I do not believe that judges will aid the development of the law if they try to force the pace by guessing at directions before society itself has made up its mind.

Discussion about law reform ought to come round in the end to the question: what place are law courts going to occupy in the society of the future? I am not sure that it ought not to begin with this question, for everything turns on it. Obviously many traditional conceptions are going by the board and it is an uncomfortable sight for lawyers. Professor Wade's talk puts the predicament clearly. In the seventeenth century this country turned its back on the idea of a strong central executive and we have taught ourselves to be proud of the achievement ever since. There was a settlement under which the Commons in parliament and the judges in the courts, working independently, were to be guardians of the rights and liberties of the individual citizen, as then understood, and each was to have power to block any attempt by the executive to trench upon those rights and liberties. Whatever the law courts did or did not do in the next 200 years, they did carry out this part of the bargain, and men valued them accordingly. We have come back, unavoidably, to a strong central executive, and we live by order, decree and regulation and by act of parliament. Parliament and the executive have gone into alliance and the law courts are pushed more and more into a corner of national life.

It is no mean task justly to interpret and apply all this mass of law as it affects the life of individuals: but it would be unreal to think of the whole conglomeration as a coherent body of law with coherent principles in the way that one ought to be able to think of 'lawyer's law'. This is no training ground for jurists. More than this, no one has yet shown how to find a place for courts of law, in the centre of that stream of activity that makes up the life of a modern state. At present parliament and executive tend to by-pass them, or else to use them, as county courts are increasingly used, as convenient organs of administration. The non-legal, administrative tribunals that lawyers are so unhappy about are a recognition of a sincere feeling that law courts are not well equipped to take into their keeping the legal system of society as it is now developing. Their tradition of detachment, which has been such a source of strength in the past, now stands in their way. To treat statutes and acts of the executive with suspicious scrutiny, wherever they affect existing rights: to refuse to guess beyond the written word in acts of parliament: to be wary of giving any force of interpretation to their general policy: to regard questions between state and individual as no different in nature from questions between one individual and another—this attitude has made a real contribution to the historical development of the Commonwealth.

### Shaping New Forms

Nevertheless, I am left wondering whether the kind of state that we have now become will not need a new form of instrument to interpret and apply its law. These new forms will be shaped somehow. I think that there will be great advantages if they can be shaped in the law courts themselves, because they can bring to the work prestige and tradition: only, if that is to happen, both judges and lawyers will have to find rather a new approach to their ideas of what law is. It is likely to mean less learning, and more knowledge; not so much 'pure' law, but instead a real attempt to give a sense of life and meaning to the welter that makes up the present sum of our duties, our responsibilities and, sometimes, our rights.—*Third Programme*

# NEWS DIARY

**August 12-18**

**Wednesday, August 12**

French Prime Minister says in broadcast that he will not give in to strike pressure. Earthquakes cause havoc in Greek Ionian Islands.

**Thursday, August 13**

French strikes spread, involving about 4,000,000 workers.

H.M. the Queen sends message of sympathy to King Paul of the Hellenes on loss of life and damage caused by earthquakes.

Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions unanimously agrees to support proposal to bring all engineering industries under public ownership.

**Friday, August 14**

British sailors help in rescue work in Ionian Islands where many thousands are rendered homeless.

The Government and the Labour Party both publish statements on their attitude to Korea.

Sir Brian Robertson, Adjutant-General and formerly Commander-in-Chief Middle East Land Forces, is appointed new chairman of British Transport Commission.

**Saturday, August 15**

Representatives of sixteen nations with troops in Korea meet in New York.

Ten persons killed when two trains collide on a viaduct outside Manchester.

The Soviet Union grants an exit visa to the Russian-born wife of a British official.

**Sunday, August 16**

An official statement in Teheran says that members of the Royal Guard made an unsuccessful attempt to overthrow Dr. Moussadeq's government. The Shah of Persia and his Queen arrive in Baghdad.

A Note on Germany from the Soviet Foreign Office is handed to the ambassadors of the Western Powers in Moscow.

The Prime Minister of Pakistan arrives in Delhi for further talks with Indian Prime Minister about Kashmir.

**Monday, August 17**

Western Powers propose meeting on Austrian treaty in London.

French Prime Minister appeals to strikers to return to work.

Edgar Sanders, a British business man, is released by Hungarian Government after being imprisoned for three-and-a-half years on a charge of spying.

**Tuesday, August 18**

Political committee of U.N. General Assembly meets to discuss conference on Korea.

Sir Winston Churchill presides over Cabinet meeting for first time since end of June.



Owing to the continuation of the French strikes last week and the subsequent immobilisation of bus and metro services in Paris, the French Army organised a public transport system of trucks. Above: passengers seeking information at a control point in the Esplanade des Invalides.

Right: coaches, hired by the British Consulate in Paris to convey stranded British tourists to the Channel ports, photographed as they were leaving last week



A wrecked railway coach lying on the river bank eighty feet beneath the Irk Valley Viaduct, Manchester, after a collision which occurred on the viaduct on August 15 between a steam train and an electric train. Ten people were killed and fifty-eight injured.



F. Trueman bowling against the Australians on Saturday, the first day of the final Test Match at the Oval. He took four wickets for eighty-six runs.

Right: Members of the Royal Danish Ballet from Copenhagen in a scene from 'The Whims of Cupid and the Ballet Master' an eighteenth-century ballet by Vincenz Galeotti, at Covent Garden on August 11. It is the company's first visit to the country.



*Survivors of the disastrous earthquake which devastated the Ionian Islands of Greece last week, boarding one of the rescue ships which have been evacuating thousands of homeless and injured people to the mainland. Navies from six nations are helping in the task*



*pilots 'scrambling' to their aircraft at Biggin Hill (Kent) R.A.F. Station last during Exercise Momentum, the biggest air defence exercise held over Great Britain*



*Removing the Coronation illuminations from Blackfriars Bridge, London, last week*

*Left: Mark Pharaoh winning the discus-throwing event for Great Britain in the world university games at Dortmund, Germany, last week*

# 'A Small Affair'

An extract by GRAHAM GREENE from a novel he is writing

(Mr. Greene introduced his broadcast as follows: *Although what follows is an extract from a novel I am writing, it contains no fiction. Only—for reasons best known to my character—the order of the incidents has been a little changed and two patrols have been compressed into one. The attack on Phat-Diem took place in December 1951, but nothing in that northern war in Indo-China ever seems to change.*)

**F**ROM the bell tower of Phat-Diem cathedral the battle was only picturesque. It was fixed like a panorama of the Boer War in an old *Illustrated London News*. An aeroplane was parachuting supplies to an isolated post in the Calcaire, those strange weather-eroded mountains on the Annam border that look like piles of pumice; because it always returned to the same place for its glide, it might never have moved, the parachute was always there in the same spot, half-way to earth. From the plain the mortar bursts rose unchangingly, the smoke as solid as stone, and in the market the flames burnt inconspicuously in the sunlight. The tiny figures of the parachutists moved in single file along the canals, but at this height they appeared stationary. Even the priest who sat in a corner of the tower never changed his position as he read in his breviary. The war was very tidy and clean at that distance.

I had come in just after dawn in a landing craft from Nam-Dinh. We couldn't land at the naval station because it was cut off by the enemy who completely surrounded the town at a range of 600 yards, so that the boat ran in beside the flaming market. Everything was very silent, except for the flap and crackle of the burning stalls.

I had known Phat-Diem well in the days before the attack—the one long, narrow street of wooden stalls, cut up every hundred yards by a canal, a church, and a bridge. At night it had been lit only by candles or small oil lamps (there was no electricity in Phat-Diem except in the French officers' quarters), and day or night the street was packed and noisy. In its strange medieval way, under the shadow and protection of the Prince Bishop, it was the most living town in all Tongking, and now when I landed and walked up to the officers' quarters it was the most dead. Rubble and broken glass and the smell of burnt paint and plaster, the street empty as far as the sight could reach, it reminded me of a shabby London thoroughfare in the early morning after an All Clear: one expected to see a placard 'Unexploded Bomb'.

Coming down the river from Nam-Dinh I had learnt something of what had happened. The Bishop of Phat-Diem, who is an Annamite and a former Trappist monk, had once visited Europe and acquired there a devotion to Our Lady of Fatima—that vision of the Virgin which appeared, so many Catholics believe, to some children in Portugal. When he came home he built a grotto in her honour in the cathedral precincts, and he celebrated her feast day every year with a procession.

Relations with the Colonel in charge of the French and Viet-Namese troops had always been strained since the day when the authorities had taken over part and disbanded the rest of the Bishop's private army. On this occasion the Colonel—who had some sympathy with the Bishop, for to each of them their country was more important than Catholicism—made a gesture of amity and walked himself with his senior officers in the front of the procession. Never had a greater crowd gathered in Phat-Diem to do honour to Our Lady of Fatima. Even many of the Buddhists—who formed about half the population—could not bear to miss the fun; and those who had belief in neither God believed somehow that all those banners and incense burners and the golden monstrance would keep war far from their homes. All that was left of the Bishop's army—his brass band—made the sky ring back at them, and the French officers, pious by order of the Colonel, walked like choirboys with bent heads down the long canal-divided street, their sidearms abandoned, through the gateway into the cathedral precincts, past the white statue of the Sacred Heart that stood on an island in the little lake before the cathedral, under the bell tower with its spreading oriental wings and into the strange carved wooden cathedral with its gigantic pillars of wood formed out of single trees and the scarlet lacquer work of the altar, more Buddhist than Christian. The crowds were too large for the cathedral: from all the

villages between the canals, from that Low Country landscape where young green rice-shoots and golden harvests take the place of tulips and churches of windmills, the people poured in. They formed into procession again, with the French officers patient in their piety, still at the head, and led the image of Our Lady of Fatima to each of the churches in turn, and there are far more churches in Phat-Diem than priests. What nobody knew was that the agents of Viet-Minh had joined the procession too, and back into the town they came, past the military outposts, the French in front, the communists at the rear. That night, as the main communist battalion moved through the passes in the Calcaire, out of Annam into the Tongking plain, watched helplessly by the last French outposts in the mountains above, the advance guards struck in Phat-Diem.

The Colonel knew nothing of what was happening until he was woken at four in the morning by the dogs barking in the street. Before any alarm was sounded the front of the quarters had been blown in by a bazooka at point-blank range, one of the field guns in the yard behind was put out of action, his radio had been smashed by a grenade so that he was out of touch with his outposts and the main military headquarters of Nam-Dinh; until the next nightfall he was struggling to keep alive in Phat-Diem itself and to clear at least the houses across the road from which every movement could be watched and enfiladed. Now, after four days, with the help of parachutists, the enemy had been pushed back half a mile around the town. This was a defeat: no journalists were allowed, no cables could be sent: for the papers in the days of General de Lattre must carry only victories.

The authorities might have stopped me in Hanoi if they had known of my purpose, but the further you get from headquarters, the looser becomes the control until, when you come within range of the enemy's fire, you are a welcome guest—what had been a menace for the Etat Major in Hanoi, a worry for the full colonel in Nam-Dinh, to the lieutenant in the field was a joke, a distraction, a mark of interest from the outer world, so that for a few blessed hours he could dramatise himself a little and see in a heroic light even his own wounded and dead. Only photographs must be forbidden not for fear of their falling into enemy hands, but because they might disclose too vividly that this affair at Phat-Diem was not a 'tidy' one.

The priest shut his breviary and said, 'Well, that's finished'. He was a European, but not a Frenchman, for the Bishop would not tolerate a French priest in his diocese. He said apologetically: 'I had to come up here, you understand, for a bit of quiet from all these poor people'. The sound of mortar fire seemed to be closing in, or perhaps it was the enemy at last replying. The strange difficulty was to find them: there were a dozen narrow fronts, and between the canals, among the farm buildings and the paddy fields, innumerable opportunities for ambush.

Immediately below us stood, sat, and lay the whole population of Phat-Diem, Catholics, Buddhists, pagans. They had all taken their most valued possessions—a cooking stove, a lamp, a mirror, a wardrobe, some mats, a holy picture—and moved in to the cathedral precincts. Here in the north in Tongking, it would be bitterly cold when darkness came, and already the cathedral was packed: there was no more shelter there; even the stairs to the bell tower were full, every step occupied, and all the time more people crowded through the gates, carrying their babies and household goods. They believed, whatever their religion, that here they would be safe. As we were watching, a young man with a rifle in Viet-Namese uniform pushed his way through the crowd: he was stopped by an Annamite priest who firmly took his rifle from him. The father at my side said in explanation, 'You see, we are neutral here. This is God's territory'. I thought: it's a strange poor population God has in his kingdom, frightened, cold, starving: you'd think a great King would do better than that. But then, I thought, it's always the same wherever one goes—it's not the most powerful rulers who have the happiest populations.

Little shops had already been set up below. I said, 'It's like an enormous fair, isn't it, but without one smiling face'.

The priest said, 'They were terribly cold last night. We have to

keep the monastery gates shut or they would swamp us'.

'You all keep warm in there?' I asked.

'No, not very warm. And we would not have room for a tenth of them.' He went on: 'I know what you are thinking. But it is essential for some of us to keep well. We have the only hospital in Phat-Diem and our only nurses are four nuns.'

'And your surgeon?'

'I do what I can.'

I saw then that his soutane was speckled with blood.

I looked along the churches, where they ran down evenly spaced between the canals, towards the sea. A light flashed from the second tower. I said, 'You haven't kept all your churches neutral.'

'It isn't possible', he said. 'The French have agreed to leave the cathedral alone. We can't expect more. That's a Foreign Legion post you are looking at.'

'I'll be going along. Goodbye, Father.'

'Goodbye. Be careful of snipers.'

How is one careful of snipers?

I had to push my way through the crowd to get out, past the lake and the white statue with its sugary arms outspread, into the long street. I could see for nearly three-quarters of a mile each way, and there were only two living beings in all that length beside myself—two soldiers with camouflaged helmets going slowly up the street hugging the houses.

I say the living because one body lay in a doorway with its head in the road. The buzz of flies collecting there, and the squelch of the soldiers' boots growing fainter and fainter were the only sounds. I walked quickly past the body, looking the other way. A few minutes later, when I looked back, I was quite alone with my shadow and there were no sounds except the sounds I made. I felt as though I were a mark on a firing range. Then the mortars went off again—the same shriek that a bomb makes and then the explosion.

When I had crossed two canals, I took a turning to the right that led to a church which I calculated was the one I wanted. A jeep stood at the door, and a dozen men sat on the ground in the camouflage of parachutists, while two officers examined a map. Nobody paid me any attention when I joined them. One man who wore the long antennae of a walkie-talk said: 'We can move now', and everybody stood up.

I asked them in my bad French whether I could accompany them. The advantage of this war was that a white skin was in itself a passport on the field: one could not be suspected of being an enemy agent. 'Who are you?' the lieutenant asked.

'I'm writing about the war', I said.

'American?'

'No. English.'

He said. 'It is a very small affair, but if you wish to come with us . . .'

We went out behind the church in single file, the lieutenant leading, and halted for a moment on a canal bank, for the soldier with the walkie-talk to get contact with the patrols on either flank. The mortar shells screamed over us and burst out of sight. We had picked up more men behind the church and were now about thirty strong. The lieutenant explained to me, stabbing a finger at his map: 'Three hundred Viet-Minh have been reported in this village here. Perhaps massing for tonight. We don't know. No one has found them yet.'

'How far?'

'Perhaps 400 yards.'

Word came over the wireless and we went on in silence, on the right the straight canal, on the left low scrub and fields and scrub again. 'All clear', the lieutenant assured me with a wave of the hand as we started. Forty yards on, another canal, with what was left of a bridge, a single plank without rails, ran across our front. The lieutenant motioned to us to deploy and we squatted down facing the unknown territory, thirty feet away, across the plank. The men looked at the water and then, as though by a word of command, all together, they looked away. For a moment I didn't see what they had seen, but when I saw, my mind went back, I don't know why, to the Chalet Night Club in Saigon and the female impersonators and the young soldiers whistling.

The canal was full of bodies: I am reminded now of an Irish stew containing too much meat. The bodies overlapped: one head, seal grey, anonymous as a convict with a shaven skull, stuck up out of the water like a buoy. There was no blood: I suppose that had flowed away a long time ago. I have no idea how many there were: they must have been caught in a cross-fire trying to get back and I suppose every man of us along the bank was thinking: 'Two can play at that game'.

I took my eyes away: one didn't want to be reminded of how little

one counted, how quickly, simply, and anonymously death came. Even though my reason wanted the state of death, I was afraid like a virgin of the act. I would have liked death to come with due warning, so that I could prepare myself. For what? I didn't know that, nor how, except by taking a look around at the little I would be leaving.

The lieutenant sat beside the man with the walkie-talk and stared at the ground between his feet. The instrument began to crackle instructions, and with a sigh as though he had been roused from sleep he got up. There was an odd comradeship about all their movements, as though they were equals engaged on a well-known task. Nobody waited to be told what to do. Two men made for the plank and tried to cross it, but they were unbalanced by the weight of their arms and had to sit astride and work their way across a few inches at a time. Another man had found a punt hidden in some bushes down the canal and he manoeuvred it to where the lieutenant stood. Six of us got in and he began to pole it towards the other bank, but we ran on a shoal of bodies and stuck. He pushed away with his pole, sinking it into this human clay, and one body was released and floated up all its length beside the bank like a bather lying in the sun. Then we were free again, and once on the other side we scrambled out, with no backward look. No shots had been fired: we were alive: death had withdrawn perhaps as far as the next canal.

Beyond us was a group of farm buildings: the lieutenant went in first, keeping to the wall, and we followed at six feet intervals in single file. Then the men, without an order given, scattered through the farm.

It was deserted—not so much as a hen left behind, but hanging on the walls of what had been the living-room were two hideous oleographs, of the Sacred Heart and the Mother and Child, that gave the whole ramshackle group of buildings an oddly European air. One knew what these people believed even if one didn't share their belief: they were human beings, not just grey drained cadavers.

So much of war is sitting around and doing nothing, waiting for somebody else. With no guarantee of time it isn't even worth while starting a train of thought. Again with no order given—doing what they had done so often before—the sentries moved out. Anything that stirred ahead of us now was enemy. The lieutenant marked his map and reported our position over the radio. A hush fell: even the mortars were quiet and the air was empty of 'planes. One man doodled with a twig in the dirt of the farmyard. After a while it was as if we had been forgotten by war. A cold wind ruffled the straw of the yard, and a man went modestly behind a barn to relieve himself. I tried to remember whether I had paid the British Consul in Hanoi for the bottle of whisky he had given me.

Two shots were fired to our front. I thought: this is it. Now it comes. This was all the warning one wanted. I awaited, with some exhilaration, the permanent thing.

But nothing happened. Once again I had 'over-prepared the event'. Only long minutes afterwards one of the sentries returned and reported something to the lieutenant. I caught the phrase: 'Deux civiliens'.

The lieutenant said to me: 'We will go and see', and following the sentry we picked our way along a sticky and overgrown path between the fields. Twenty yards beyond the farm buildings, in a narrow ditch, we came on what we were seeking: a woman and a small boy. They were very clearly dead: a small neat clot of blood on the woman's forehead, and the child might have been asleep. He was about six years old and he lay like an embryo in the womb with his little bony knees drawn up. 'Mal chance', the lieutenant said. He bent down and turned the child over. He was wearing a holy medal round his neck and I thought—the juju doesn't work: or does it? There was a gnawed piece of a loaf under his body.

The lieutenant said: 'Have you seen enough?' speaking savagely, almost as though I had been responsible for these deaths: perhaps to the soldier the civilian is always the man who employs him to kill, who includes the guilt of murder in the 'pay envelope' and escapes responsibility. I thought for the first time, I hate war. We walked back to the farm and sat down again in silence on the straw, out of the wind which like an animal seemed to know that dark was coming. The man who had doodled was relieving himself, and the man who had relieved himself was doodling. I thought: in these moments of quiet, after the sentries had been posted, those two must have believed it safe to move from the ditch. I wondered how long they had lain there—the bread had been dry. This farm was probably their home.

The radio was working again. The lieutenant said wearily, 'They are going to bomb the village. Patrols are called in for the night'. We rose and began our journey back, punting again around the shoal of bodies, filing past the church. We hadn't gone very far, and yet it

seemed a long enough journey to have made with the killing of those two as the only result. The 'planes were up, and behind us the bombing began.

When dark fell round the officers' quarters where I was spending the night, the temperature was only a degree or two above zero, and the only warmth anywhere was in the blazing market. With one wall gone and doors buckled, canvas curtains couldn't shut out the draughts. The electric dynamo wasn't working, and we had to build barricades of books and boxes to keep the candles burning. I opened my one bottle of whisky to try to warm us a little, and the others gathered. A lieutenant came in from his round of the sentries. 'Perhaps we shall have a quiet night', he said.

'They will not attack before four', the Colonel said. 'Have you a gun?' he asked me.

'No.'

'I'll find you one. Better keep it on your pillow'. He added courteously, 'I am afraid you will find your mattress rather hard. At three-thirty the mortar fire will begin. We try to break up any concentrations'.

'How long do you suppose this will go on?'

'Who knows? They can't spare us troops from Nam-Dinh. This is

just a diversion. If we can hold out with no more help than we got two days ago, it is, one may say, a victory'.

The wind was prowling for an entry. The canvas curtains sagged (I was reminded of a stabbed Polonius), and the candles wavered. The shadows were theatrical. We might have been a company of barn-stormers.

'Have your posts held?' I asked.

'As far as we know'. The Colonel said with an effect of tiredness, 'This is nothing, you understand, an affair of no importance compared with what is happening a hundred kilometres away at Hoa-Binh. That is a battle'.

'Another glass, Colonel?'

'Thank you, no. I think, if you will excuse me, I will get some sleep. One can't sleep after the mortars start. Captain, will you see that this gentleman has everything he needs, a candle, matches, a revolver?' He went into his room.

It was the signal for all of us. I stayed awake only a very short time. The possession of a body tonight seemed a very small thing—perhaps I had that day seen too many bodies which belonged to no one, not even to themselves. We were all expendable. At three-thirty to the minute the mortars began to fire.—*Third Programme*

## Letters to the Editor

**The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space**

### Moving Mountains

Sir,—Mr. F. E. Hellier (THE LISTENER, August 13) asks for 'chapter and verse' in support of my statement that I have known of an advanced case of cancer healed instantaneously by Christian Science.

As a matter of fact, I have known of several cases of this kind. My own grandmother was healed of cancer in a single night, after a prominent London specialist had given her only a few more days or hours to live. Actually, she lived a normal, active life for almost twenty years after that. I am putting Mr. Hellier in touch with persons in England who can give him the details of the case.

Another instance, in which an advanced case of cancer was healed in a single treatment, was related to me in detail by a nurse who had witnessed it and had become a Christian Scientist as a result. I do not know her present whereabouts, so I cannot give 'chapter and verse'; but I recall that she told of her subsequent visit, in company with the healed patient, to the Harley Street specialist who had earlier attended the case, and of his amazed acknowledgment of a 'miracle'.

There are on record in the Christian Science periodicals during the past fifty years numerous verified healings of cancer, as of other desperate and malignant diseases, either in one treatment or over a period of time. These may be investigated by any interested person. Within the past few months two striking healings of cancer have been described over television in the United States by the persons healed, with full details.

At an earlier period an American editor, B. O. Flower, who took the pains to gather medical evidence on the subject, included in his book, *Christian Science as a Religious Belief and a Therapeutic Agent* (Boston, 1909), an account by a distinguished American physician of a healing of cancer which occurred after the patient apparently had died. He included also a supporting affidavit from a nurse in the hospital who was present when the patient's apparent death was officially recorded and who witnessed her subsequent, sudden, and complete recovery under Christian Science treatment by her brother.

Yours, etc.,

Boston, Mass.

ROBERT PEEL

Sir,—May I point out to Mr. Hipwell and Mr. Peel that the efficacy of faith healing cannot be established by arguments based either on individual testimony, or on individual intuition, or on logic, or on quotations from the Bble. The only valid test of the efficacy of faith healing is the statistical one.

If it can be shown that, when two otherwise similar groups of people are compared, the recovery from any disease, or all diseases, is significantly greater (in a statistical sense) within the group resorting to faith healing than within the group not resorting to faith healing, then the efficacy of faith healing can be accepted with considerable confidence. If the difference cannot be shown, then faith healing may well be reasonably set aside as a chimera.

The matter is as simple as that. The onus of statistical proof now rests on the shoulders of the proponents of faith healing.—Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen

HOWARD LEES

Sir,—The important point behind Mr. F. E. Hellier's letter is surely whether there are any well-documented cases of the super-normal healing of organic disease. If such a healing occurs it is a secondary matter whether it is slow, rapid, or super-rapid.

I have made a search for reasonably documented cases of super-normal healings of disease and have collected about fifteen cases between 1843 and the present day.

The important thing is to establish the *fact*. Then the claim that the explanation is This, That, or the Other can be investigated. It may be due to Something Else which has not been discussed. For example, when I gave a talk on this subject to the rationalist audience of the Conway Hall discussion group the upshot was interesting. It was contended that the individual cell of life is a self-regulating and self-repairing unit. That it should restore abnormal conditions was not considered remarkable, nor even that this should occur at a super-rapid rate.

From my reading it does appear that behind all these cases of healing there is one common factor. This is an intense faith held by some person or persons, not necessarily the diseased person, that cure can occur. I believe that the description of 'faith-healing' is a true descrip-

tion. I am also sure that the scientific and unbiased study of such healings could be of immense value to humanity.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.7 J. GUILFOYLE WILLIAMS

Sir,—To criticise the teaching of Phineas Quimby, named 'Christian Science' by Mrs. Eddy, from two points of view:

(1) *Metaphysical*: The essential idea of Christianity is that Christ, by suffering on the cross, bought deliverance from the consequences of their sins for the human race. If Christian Science is true, the apparent suffering was unreal, and the nails that pinned the Divine limbs simply examples of wrong thought. This is not, it seems to me, a Christian heresy, but a denial of all Christian teaching.

(2) *Scientific*: No one has a right to the noble name of science who does not submit to its hard discipline of complete honesty in stating everything that is known; whether in favour of or against the hypothesis that is being worked upon. In other words, setting out the truth with a small t, instead of declaiming Truth with a capital one.

No Christian Science publications ever hint at failures or limitations, and all their cures are described with the vagueness of the original one; the recovery of Mrs. Eddy from unspecified damage sustained in a slip on an icy road. It is impossible to find out what conditions they claim to treat successfully, let alone what is their percentage of success. Do they claim to cure decayed teeth? Is typhoid in the water supply to be dealt with by readings from the works? I have under my care at present a child who has had many years of unnecessary misery because his parents regarded his hare-lip as 'an error of mortal mind'. If Christian Science can cure a similar case out of hundreds I can make available for them I will undertake to publish in THE LISTENER and the *British Medical Journal* a full account and an apology for my present opinion of the whole business.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 DENIS BROWNE, F.R.C.S.

Sir,—While fully admitting the spiritual help given by Christian Science to many and the help it can also give in overcoming ailments of a nervous order, may I, as one who for over fifty

years has seen its influence on the health of several of those near and dear to me, stress the danger of depending entirely on it in cases of serious illness? I have seen the lives of too large a proportion of these dear ones shortened or darkened, owing to lack of, or neglect of, medical or optical advice, to feel that I can let Mr. Peel's broadcast in your issue of July 30 pass unanswered.—Yours, etc.,

Scotland

SEPTUAGENARIAN

### Which Side of the Fence?

Sir,—Mr. Kennedy's talk about his recent visit to Los Alamos (*THE LISTENER*, August 13) reveals a genuine enough concern for the health of twentieth-century man. But his interrogative moralising is unhelpful. Over-specialisation (that overworked word) is less dangerous to intelligent thought than over-simplification. The leading question, 'Which side of the fence?' cannot have a simple answer in the real world. Military and civilian research are both necessary, and the atomic scientists are keenly aware of the human implications of both, as anyone who reads the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* cannot fail to appreciate. It is at least doubtful whether the old Elizabethans showed as much concern for international problems as we do nowadays, and it is certain that the relations of the Los Alamos Indians with their present visitors are a great deal more cordial than those of their ancestors with Spanish conquerors.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2 H. C. LONGUET-HIGGINS

### Toleration

Sir,—I thank Father White for the word 'indifferentism'. It was the precise point of the difficulty which I raised, and which he seems to find some difficulty in answering, that the Roman Church cannot, without absolute self-stultification, maintain an attitude of indifferentism to—still less condemn—the hideous practices (intolerance is a mild word) of the Inquisition. It was Pope Gregory IX who in 1231 embodied in the Church's code the imperial law condemning heretics to the stake; it was Pope Innocent IV who in 1252 ordered torture to be used; and it was Pope Leo X (of pious memory) who in 1520 condemned Luther's statement that it was contrary to the will of the Holy Spirit that heretics should be burnt.

'The Inquisition', according to Lord Acton, 'is peculiarly the weapon, and peculiarly the work of the Popes. It was set up, renewed, and perfected by a long series of acts emanating from the supreme authority in the Church. No other institution, no doctrine, no ceremony is so distinctly the individual creation of the papacy, except the Dispensing Power. It is the principal thing with which the papacy is identified, and by which it must be judged. The principle of the Inquisition is the Pope's sovereign power over life and death. Whosoever disobeys him should be tried and tortured and burnt. If that cannot be done, formalities may be dispensed with, and the culprit may be killed like an outlaw'. (*Letters to Mary Gladstone*, p. 140.)

I do not myself see how all those centuries of religious fanaticism and savagery, if, like Father White, one is lecturing on 'Toleration', can be simply shrugged off. There is no room here for indifferentism. Father White, however, seems to have discovered what the Irish preacher called the narrow path between right and wrong.

Yours, etc.,

HAROLD BINNS

### How's That?

Sir,—If, as Mr. Ridley suggests (*THE LISTENER*, August 6), we cannot say easily in English that something was given out without seeming to say that the recipient of the some-

thing was also given out, there is no help for us. Happily, however, we are not so tied.

Private Smith without contortion of our tongue can be provided or furnished with or allotted whatever may be his due.

Championship of 'face up to' is equally misguided. A literate man will wish to face his foe or his fate or his Maker. Could he really 'face up to' them? What would they think of him if he did? Can Mr. Ridley imagine Horatio 'facing up to' fearful odds?—Yours, etc.,

London, E.1

J. J. MALLON

Sir,—Mr. M. R. Ridley did not remind us, as he might have done, that 'different from' is the American usage, so general as to be almost universal. Americans very often comment upon our 'different to'; and when an English person replies by accusing them of 'different than' they are sometimes quite surprised. I wonder what the teachers of English in the United States have to say about this? Mr. Ridley describes himself as old-fashioned on account of his preference for 'different from'. Actually this is our modern usage, now always taught. 'Different to' is still habitual here, and certainly old-fashioned; those who keep to it need not be careless speakers and writers.

Mr. R. A. Auty holds that 'different than' is common among us. I am sure he is mistaken. A public speaker who fell into it would learn that he was open to correction. One must, however, compliment Mr. Auty upon having caught our so eminent a master as W. P. Ker. Yet it is not hard to believe that he stumbled over both 'than' and 'from' in the two sentences quoted. I have noted 'different than' in an early letter of Carlyle's. We may infer that the phrase was always known in English though never usual. Fowler, by the way, while arguing that insistence upon 'different from' is pedantic, does not even mention 'different than'.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Sir,—It is hard to imagine the most pedantic purist using 'fewer' instead of 'less' in the following sentences, as advocated by your correspondent, Mr. Laing:

I have *fewer* than two minutes to spare.

This ribbon is *fewer* than two inches wide.

My pension is *fewer* than two pounds a week.

An evening paper costs *fewer* than twopence.

Incidentally, 'all too common' no more requires to be hyphenated than does 'very common'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

G. KEMSLEY

### The Lost Leader

Sir,—I cannot answer for *The Times*, but if Mr. Bridges-Adams imagines that his theory of Granville Barker's origin is supported in my *Bernard Shaw* he had better read it again. All he will find is Shaw's remark that Barker was 'a cold-hearted Italian devil', which was an expression of opinion on Barker's temperament, not a statement of fact about his pedigree.

The truth will be found in my *G.B.S. A Postscript*, and again in my book *The Last Actor-Managers*, where it is stated that Barker's great-grandfather was an Italian-born physician named Bozzi who, when he settled in England, took the surname of his maternal grandmother, Rosa Granville.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

HESKETH PEARSON

Sir,—I should like to ask Mr. Bridges-Adams how much of the *décor*s of Granville Barker's 'Twelfth Night' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' were due to Barker and how much to Norman Wilkinson of Four Oaks? I was too young at the times of these productions to flee my school for London, but well remember delight in photographs of them in the press.

Bournemouth

As Norman Wilkinson seems to be rather forgotten, I may be forgiven (as a fellow towns-woman and one-time student of the Birmingham School of Art where he was trained) for bringing him to Mr. Bridges-Adams' recollection. I heard him and Mr. Granville Barker speak at the inaugural meeting of the Drama League at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre years ago and was startled to see Mr. Wilkinson wearing the little, stylised curls familiar in the Van Dyck portraits of Queen Henrietta Maria. The effect was delightful on so simple and unaffected a man, and immediately I thought of his Shakespearean *décor*s. I have also a very lively memory of Granville Barker on that platform—quiet, unpretentious—his neat, chestnut hair parted down the centre, his eyes unexcited and steady—the retired Barker.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 13

E. A. SPURWAY

### Three Literary Prizes

Sir,—To mark the twenty-first anniversary of its publication, *Adam*, the Anglo-French literary monthly, is glad to announce that, thanks to the generosity of a few old subscribers, three literary prizes will be awarded in November each year:

- (a) One prize of £10 for the best short story, either already published in *Adam*, or received in MS. before October each year
- (b) One prize of £10 for the most interesting essay, and
- (c) One prize of £10 for one poem or cycle of poems

A jury of distinguished men of letters will adjudicate in November, and the prize-winning pieces, if still unpublished, will appear in the December issue of our magazine. It is hoped that these prizes, however modest, will be an encouragement for writers of the younger generation.—Yours, etc.,

28 Emperor's Gate,

MIRON GRINDEA

London, S.W.7

Editor of *Adam*

### Hints about Fuel

Sir,—'Hints About Fuel' in *THE LISTENER* of August 13 by Mary Leigh are timely and sensible. I have used smokeless fuel for over twenty years, and coalite particularly is excellent. It burns very well in an ordinary open grate, and only once have I had the sweep in all that time, and he got nothing out of the chimney except a little dust.

But smokeless fuel has one disadvantage: it is porous and easily soaks up water. The porosity is unavoidable because it is the result of heating the fuel enough to extract the soot-producing chemicals. The amount of water can be serious. In wet weather I have had to accept and pay for fuel which I found, when tested, contained twenty-five per cent. of rain water. I then tried soaking a carefully weighed quantity of dried fuel and found that it had absorbed forty-five per cent. of its weight, but still floated in the bucket in which I had soaked it. So dry summer weather is the time to buy.

This is a state of affairs needing remedy, which could be managed by ensuring that the customer is not charged for the water contained in the fuel. How this can be done is a matter for legislation, but a Bill is being drafted which will remedy many discrepancies in our system of weights and measures, and this is one which urgently calls for attention. Perhaps porous fuel could be sold by measure instead of weight, or possibly inspectors could be authorised to take samples and test them for water content as is done with milk. Or the fuel could be weighed into sacks when dry and sealed up, so that the user could be sure of getting a square deal. Buying rain water, at £8 4s. Od. a ton is a very expensive thing.—Yours, etc.,

Welwyn Garden City SYDNEY M. BUSHELL

## Drawings by Old Masters



Four pictures from the exhibition at the Royal Academy: above, 'Boy Climbing a Wall', by Domenichino (1581-1641); above, right, 'Head of a Woman wearing a Mantilla', by Goya (1746-1828); below, 'A Woman Asleep', by Nicolaes Maes (1634-1693); below, right, 'A Little Girl Carrying a Dog', by Boucher (1703-1770)



# Cambridge in the Eighteen-Nineties

The first of six 'Portraits from Memory' by BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

**I**T is now sixty-three years since I went up to Cambridge. The world in those days was a more leisurely place than it is now, and Cambridge was a much more leisurely place. From the point of view of an irreverent undergraduate the dons of that time belonged to one or other of three not quite separate classes: there were figures of fun; there were men who were technically competent but uninteresting; and there was a small class of men whom we, the young, admired wholeheartedly and enthusiastically.

Some of the oddities, it must be said, were very odd. There was a Fellow who had a game leg and was known to be addicted to the amiable practice of putting the poker in the fire, and, when it became red-hot, running after his guests with a view to murder. I discovered at last that he was only roused to homicidal fury when people sneezed. Owing to his game leg, those whom he attacked always escaped, and nobody minded his little peculiarities. I used to go to tea with him myself—but I went away if I saw him put the poker into the fire. Except in his moments of aberration he was charming, and it never occurred to anyone to place him under restraint. My mathematical coach was less fortunate. He went mad, but none of his pupils noticed it. At last he had to be shut up. That, however, was exceptional.

### 'Empress-hunting'

At a somewhat lower level of oddity, there were the two rivals for the honour of entertaining the Empress Frederick: namely, Oscar Browning (always known as O.B.) and the Professor of Fine Arts. The latter was the more successful. He said to me on one occasion: 'It really was most annoying that, in spite of all I could do to dissuade her, the Empress Frederick insisted on lunching with me a second time'. On the evening of that same day, O.B. sighed wearily and said: 'I've been Empress-hunting all day'. He found it very difficult to admit that there were any royalties whom he did not know personally. The nearest he ever came to it was in saying of the King of Saxony: 'I knew him very well—by sight'. There were endless stories about O.B. He was fat, tubby, and unusually ugly. But malicious undergraduates, by purchasing large numbers of a certain picture paper, secured him the second prize in a beauty competition. (I myself heard him boast of this prize.) It was said that Tennyson, on a visit to Cambridge, had been entertained by the Fellows of King's, who came up one by one, mentioning their names. When O.B. came up and said, 'I'm Browning,' Tennyson looked at him and said, 'You're not'. But I cannot vouch for the truth of this story.

The really fine flower of perfect donnishness was already passing away when I was an undergraduate, but I used to hear stories of it from older contemporaries. There was the don who, whenever any reform was proposed, made exactly the same speech. He would say: 'When a measure of this kind is suggested, I ask myself two questions: "Has the old system worked badly?" "Is the new system likely to work better?" I see no reason to answer either question in the affirmative, and I shall therefore vote against the proposal'. Then there was the don who disliked the subversive suggestion that Fellows henceforth need not be in Orders. Some rash men had maintained that the clerical and educational duties of Fellows might interfere with each other. He rebutted this argument with the words: 'When the Roman Emperor assumed the purple, it was the custom to make him a member of the College of Augurs. But it was not expected that he should feed the Sacred Chickens'. This rich vintage was exhausted before my day. The nearest approach that I can remember was the Professor of Arabic who, to everybody's surprise, voted Liberal. When asked why, he replied: 'Because when Mr. Gladstone is in office, he has no time to write about Holy Scripture'.

The oddities, however, were exceptional. The great majority of dons did their work competently without being either laughable or interesting. Sometimes, however, even among them rare merit would suddenly emerge. I remember a mathematical lecturer whom I had always thought quite uninteresting. He was lecturing on hydrostatics, working out a problem about a vessel with a lid rotating in a bath-tub. One of

the pupils said: 'Haven't you forgotten the centrifugal forces on the lid?' The lecturer gasped, and replied: 'I've worked out this problem that way for twenty years. But you're right'. From that moment we all felt a new respect for him.

### The Witty Academic

The dons whom my contemporaries and I profoundly respected, had a great influence upon us, even sometimes when we had nothing to do with them in the way of work. There was, for example, Verrall, whose speciality was Euripides. He was brilliantly witty in a rather academic style. He became a victim of arthritis, which gradually deprived him of the use first of his legs and then of other muscles. In spite of intense pain, he continued to display exactly the same kind of rather glittering wit, and, as long as the power of speech remained with him, he did not allow physical disability to affect his mind or his outlook. His wife was a believer in spiritualism and used to bring him masses of nonsensical script obtained by automatic writing. His practice in making sense out of Greek manuscripts enabled him to emend these scripts until they seemed to have sense. But I am afraid his attitude was not as reverential as the spirits could have wished.

Then there was Henry Sidgwick, the philosopher—the last surviving representative of the Utilitarians. He had become a Fellow at a time when it was still necessary to sign the Thirty-Nine Articles, and he had signed them with full conscientious belief. Some years later he began to have doubts, and, although he was not required to sign the Articles again, his conscience led him to resign his Fellowship. This action did much to hasten the abolition of this out-of-date requirement. His lectures were not very interesting, and those who listened to them came to know that there was always one joke. After the joke had come they let their attention wander. He had a stammer which he used very effectively. A German learned man once said to him: 'You English have no word for *Gelehrte*'. 'Yes, we have', Sidgwick replied, 'we call them p-p-p-prigs'.

I am sorry to say that there was a quarrel between him and another eminent man, Sir Richard Jebb, Professor of Greek and Member of Parliament for the University. A new road had to be made and part of Jebb's garden was cut off in order to make it. Sidgwick had agitated for the new road, which was needed to give access to Newnham College, of which Mrs. Sidgwick was Principal. This was bad enough. But when it was decided to call the road 'Sidgwick Avenue', it was more than Jebb could bear. It was commonly said, though I do not vouch for the story, that Sidgwick remarked, concerning Jebb: 'All the time that he can spare from the adornment of his person, he devotes to the neglect of his duties'. A slightly less bitter quarrel arose between Verrall and his neighbour James Ward, the philosopher, because their wives agreed to share a pig-tub and each said that the other contributed less than her moiety. But the quarrels were not very grave and contributed to everybody's entertainment. For James Ward, in spite of the affair of the pig-tub, I had a profound respect and a considerable affection. He was my chief teacher in philosophy, and although afterwards I came to disagree with him, I have remained grateful to him not only for instruction but for much kindness.

### Author of 'The Golden Bough'

There were other dons who interested me, although I knew them less well. Sir James Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough*, was one of these. Fellows had dinner in Hall without payment, and, as a Scot, Frazer could not ignore this consideration. Any Fellow arriving more than a quarter of an hour late was subject to a fine, but Frazer grudged every minute taken from his studies for the gross work of self-nourishment. He therefore always arrived in Hall exactly a quarter of an hour late. Then there was Sir George Darwin. Charles Darwin, his eminent father, had not been considered by the university clever enough for an honours degree and had contented himself with a pass, but, since his time, intellectual standards in the university had deteriorated and his

sons were allowed professorships. Sir George Darwin was famous as a mathematical physicist. One day when I went to lunch with him I found him and another famous mathematician, Sir Robert Ball, bending over a calculating machine which would not work. After they had tinkered with it for a long time, Lady Darwin, who was American, came in and said: 'All it wants is a little sewing-machine oil'. And she was right.

One of the characteristics of academic personages was longevity. When I was a freshman, the college was dominated by three elderly dignitaries: the Master, the Vice-Master, and the Senior Fellow. When I returned to the college twenty years later as a lecturer, they were still going strong, and seemed no older. The Master had been Head Master of Harrow when my father was a boy there. I breakfasted at the Master's Lodge on a day which happened to be his sister-in-law's birthday, and when she came into the room he said: 'Now, my dear, you have lasted just as long as the Peloponnesian War'. The Vice-Master, who always stood as stiffly upright as a ramrod, never appeared out of doors except in a top hat, even when he was wakened by a

fire at three in the morning. It was said that he never read a line of Tennyson after witnessing the poet putting water into the '34 port.

Before dinner in Hall, the Master and the Vice-Master used to read a long Latin grace in alternate sentences. The Master adopted the continental pronunciation, but the Vice-Master adhered uncompromisingly to the old English style. The contrast was curious and enlivening. The Senior Fellow was the last survivor of the old system by which men got life-Fellowships at twenty-two and had no further duties except to draw their dividend. This duty he performed punctiliously, but otherwise he was not known to have done any work whatever since the age of twenty-two.

As the case of the Senior Fellow shows, security of tenure was carried very far. The result was partly good, partly bad. Very good men flourished, and so did some who were not so good. Incompetence, oddity, and even insanity were tolerated, but so was real merit. In spite of some lunacy and some laziness, Cambridge was a good place, where independence of mind could exist undeterred.—*Home Service*

## The Queen's Generation—IX

# A New Beginning

By JEANNETTE ALTWEGG

I SHALL begin when I was six years old and lived in Liverpool. That is when I first put on a pair of skates. People often ask me why or how I took up skating. I cannot answer that because I just happened upon it first of all as an amusement. I started in the usual Saturday afternoon crowd of children scrambling all over the ice. I also went with my family to the Sunday Club. When I was ten I had to give up school in order to concentrate more on skating, and I had private schooling. I do not think I missed school at the time, but later I realised that I had missed the companionship of children of my own age—most of my friends at the rink were older than I was. I went in for examinations in both ballet and skating and I also competed in a number of tennis competitions.

From then on I suppose I showed my love and talent for skating, and training became more earnest until, finally, after competing for several years for the world championship, my career brought me to the Olympic Games. When this year of the Olympics came I decided I would finish after the Games whether I won or not. I knew that if I did not win then, I never would. I also realised that I was not satisfied with skating alone. For ten months of the year, six hours a day, I did nothing but skate. It was the only thing I knew how to do, and I could not go on doing it all my life.

For most people it may be very difficult to choose the moment to break away from a long career. It was easy for me. I had just won the Games which meant so much to me, and I had nothing further to hope for in the skating world. Afterwards I took a holiday and wondered what I could do next. Until then the next step had always been obvious, and other people had always decided for me, but now it was up to me. I wanted to do something useful and I felt I was too old to start training for another career. All my life I had been training. Now I wanted to do something practical. The only thing I could think of was to work with children, because I felt I could do this straight away. Almost at the same time I read about the Pestalozzi children's village in Switzerland. I immediately applied for a job and after a few days' stay there decided to take it on for a year. It was a coincidence that I should hear about the children's village just at that time, but things always happen to me like that, and afterwards I wonder why I have worried. It is amazing how difficulties resolve themselves.

Pestalozzi is the name of a very great man who died in 1827. It was his care and education of Swiss war orphans that set the standards and ideals of this present-day children's village. In 1944 Walter Robert Corti first suggested collecting funds for the building of an international village for children who had lost their families in the war. He wrote an article in a Swiss newspaper, and people from all over the world responded to the suggestion, sending money and presents; and 600 volunteers, mostly students, from seventeen different countries, gave up their holidays to come and help build the houses. After two

years the Swiss village authorities asked if British children could take part, because then their village would be more representative. It was then, in 1950, that the first thirty British children were sent out. At the same time the British Pestalozzi Children's Village Association was formed. This is the only association of its kind for any one country and its aim is eventually to start another international village in England.

The day at the village starts at six-thirty, and work is then solid until eight o'clock in the evening. A long day—but it needs to be to get through all the washing, ironing, and mending, and the housework. The children do their share of the work and do it extremely well. Of course, there are the usual arguments as to whose turn it is to do washing up or be odd-job man. I think their life would be miserable if they could not argue!

There are twelve houses in the village and eight nations—French, Italian, Swiss, German, Austrian, Greek, Finnish, and British. Each house has ten to eighteen children, with the house-parents and help from the same country. The house-father is the school-teacher for the national school, and has also, if possible, another trade which he can use for an international lesson. This national school is in the morning; then the children go out to the international lessons in the afternoon. These include music, drawing, cooking, metal work, book binding, and many other things. They all meet for these studies, which are taken in German, so that they become proficient in two languages, as well as learning a third in their national school.

Each week one house is on duty. On the Monday morning there is a little ceremony called *Morgenfeier* and the house receives the flag. It is the Swiss flag, with a streamer which incorporates the flags of all the nations at the village. Village songs are sung and the week's notices read out. This house is then on show for visitors. It is encouraging to see all the interest that is shown, but when a few hundred come in and out, perhaps in wet weather, you can imagine our work is cut out to keep the house spotless and ready for the next inspection. Also, one probably finds that Harry or Michael has left an aeroplane in the making all over the floor of a supposedly tidy room. But Douglas, if he is on duty in his room, can always be relied upon for a spotless job. He also washes most of his own clothes without anyone noticing. He was only twelve when he qualified to enter the Swiss secondary school, which is held in German. Three out of our eleven children have passed through so far.

The ideals of this village are well summed up in its motto: Since wars are born in the minds of men, it is in the minds of children that the foundations of peace must be laid. These children were born in the midst of war and until they came to Pestalozzi knew nothing else. I shall always remember Vroni, a little Austrian girl who at first would have nothing to do with the other children, and when they wanted to play with her did not understand what playing was. She

was all the time on the defensive and only gradually after careful treatment came to realise that she was now with people who wanted to be friendly.

The children in all the houses have the same Swiss food, and there is plenty of it. Most of them have put on weight since coming to the village, and the good food and healthy situation help to make them look strong and well. But perhaps even more important is the security which some of them are experiencing for the first time in their lives, and one of the greatest rewards for our work is to see the alert, happy, and normal expression in the eyes of children who when they came looked only hopeless and frightened—like some of the Greek children, children of bandits, who had never had a home or known their parents. And you can see the change in the lives of these children in their painting, as well. At first they drew brutal pictures of war or suffering—one eight-year-old boy in my kindergarten class made plasticine models of a crucified man with daggers sticking into him, and when I asked him why he did it he said it was something he had seen and remembered. Now, after several years at the village, their drawings are of the mountain scenery and animals, and the activities they take part in.

When these children have finished their schooling they are then apprenticed to some work they are interested in. Preferably, they start work in their own country and the village gives them every help. Of the English children, one has high hopes of becoming a policeman, another a steward on a ship. The Continental children have many different ambitions. Some boys are already starting a career in the hotel business, or as garage mechanics; the girls as nursery school teachers, and one is a hairdresser.

The children play all sorts of games and have plenty of physical training, and football and skiing in the winter—but not, so far, cricket, which is too much of an English sport. And there is swimming in a nearby pond, also inhabited by many frogs and blue trout, and a couple of ducks. This season starts usually rather earlier than the official time. It is then that boys disappear for rather a long while and pants and vests are suspiciously green and muddy.

There is a good choir and orchestra and they have been for several excursions round Switzerland. They had good practice when a film was in the making in the midst of us. The first month this was a novelty and it was an interesting experience for them, but after a while the hours they spent in filming became rather tiring, and after three months I do not think many of them wanted to be film stars.

At this time of the year all the children are away for seven weeks' holiday. They all return to their own countries to relations or friends for these summer holidays. Of course, the week before, they went quite mad. No work was done properly, except the cases which were packed and repacked every day.

It is more wonderful than anything you can imagine to feel the love and confidence these children give you, and the knowledge that you are needed. They may not say thank you in so many words but the way they come to take you for granted and trust you—as they would their own parents—means much more. The job was full of difficulties and when I started I could not have believed that I should learn to cope with the responsibility for these children that was thrust on me, nor would I have thought that I should be able to inspire the children's complete confidence, which they showed in all sorts of ways—coming to me with their problems for comfort and encouragement and in the evening for their goodnight kiss. I always smile when I think that one day if I get married one or two children will seem quite easy after eight boys and three girls.

I shall always be grateful for the opportunity of working with this international group—both with the children and the grown-ups. The leaders have devoted themselves entirely to the children and especially to introducing them to international friendships. In the weekly meeting between the children and the director this ideal of peace between nations is always brought before them through some story of friendship or co-operation in different parts of the world, and in their own small world the children experience this friendship which breaks down all barriers between them—whatever their nationality—and cuts through the misunderstanding which can so easily isolate individuals and countries.—*Home Service*

## Problems of Poliomyelitis

(continued from page 287)

not to prop him up but to turn him on his side or face with no pillow and to raise the foot of the bed about eighteen inches. This allows secretions to run out of the mouth instead of into the lungs.

The muscles of breathing become weak or paralysed in perhaps ten per cent. of the severe cases, and it is in this group that iron lungs are required. The iron lung depends on the simple principle that suction applied to a box surrounding the chest faithfully reproduces the action of breathing muscles in sucking air into the lungs. The patient's head must, of course, be outside the box. Artificial respiration can also be carried out by pumping air into the lungs either through a mask on the face or directly to the wind-pipe, as was done in Copenhagen last year. Improved types of apparatus are gradually becoming available for controlling treatment: for example, the oximeter, which records electrically from the colour of the ear whether the patient is getting enough oxygen, or the microphone resting on the patient's neck which enables the nurse to hear every breath magnified through a loudspeaker. There must inevitably be controversy as to how much money may justifiably be spent from public funds on expensive and sometimes untried apparatus of this kind, and there are many competing and urgent claims for apparatus in the Health Service. Some of the existing charitable organisations might appropriately assist with experimental equipment of poliomyelitis units in this country.

In 1938 Lord Nuffield mass-produced iron lungs when they were still experimental, and presented more than 800 to the hospitals in this country. These machines still save scores of lives every year, and are our main stand-by today. The efficiency, the speed, and the wonderful economy of this far-sighted action, or gamble if you like, was remarkable, and we still today need help from the engineering industry with the design of new apparatus.

I have been talking of the early days of the disease. The long months of rehabilitation are another story of great interest which is of vital importance if the scattered remnants of the nerve cells and the muscles they control are to be trained to the best purpose, and the deforming tendencies of unbalanced muscles are to be avoided. However, the power

of human determination has a wonderful effect in achieving a degree of recovery which to some may appear almost miraculous. Recent researches indicate that the anatomy of the motor connections in the brain and spinal cord is more fluid and alterable than was thought to be the case at one time, so we can now understand better how a determined person can sometimes achieve more than was thought to be possible.

Lastly, may I, on behalf of many doctors, nurses, and physiotherapists, express our profound admiration for the astonishing courage, tenacity, and good humour which are characteristic features of the patients with polio? It has been said that polio attacks 'the best' in a family, perhaps because the child with energy, initiative, and courage is the most likely to ignore the early symptoms which should send him to bed.—*Home Service*

## Victory

The well is black with leaves,  
All night the jackals howl  
While through the ruins prowl  
The fugitives and thieves.

The snow spins sharp and dry,  
The dead and dying freeze  
Like bare, dismembered trees  
Beneath the winter sky.

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Two thirsting figures creep  
With no more tears to weep  
And nothing left to sell.

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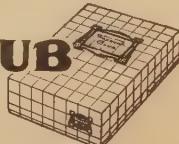


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# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Marseilles Block. By Le Corbusier.

Harvill Press. 21s.

THIS BOOK SHOULD BE READ by those who believe in Le Corbusier, by those who hate everything he stands for, but above all by those who, rather bewildered, stand before his work as they do before some modern paintings complaining that they don't 'understand'. It is perhaps a pity, though it is also in the nature of things, that painters cannot 'explain' their work as can some architects—Le Corbusier in particular. There is, of course, in the work of any creative artist a residue of intuitive design that can never be explained, but in architecture there is also a basic problem lending itself to analysis and solution and capable, therefore, of some sort of explanation. That is the point of this little book.

The famous *L'Unité d'Habitation* at Marseilles is now finished—a resplendent, white, glittering, colourful beauty standing high among the trees. The 330 flats are now being occupied and finishing touches put to the surrounding site. We still await a full photographic record of the complete building. This book was published in France in 1950, and only now does it appear in English. The photographs, therefore, are almost all of the building in the course of erection. The book, however, is still an essential preliminary to understanding the finished block. It is Le Corbusier's own dramatic and argumentative story of how and why he designed *L'Unité*. It is a convincing story. When anything so fundamental, so age-long, so complex as the form of the city is suddenly given a revolutionary twist in order to make it—like so many simpler things—part and parcel of our new age, then controversy and polemics are bound to rear their ugly heads. The Marseilles block has not had an easy passage, and even now the Corbusier enthusiast would not claim that it is free from error . . . only that it is free from some of the fundamental errors of world housing.

The underlying principles are very simple. It is a high building—seventeen storeys high—not because, as in New York or Chicago, there was no room to build any other way, but because if you build high you can give back space and light to your flat-dwellers; and Le Corbusier believes passionately that space, light, foliage, are man's birthright, stolen from him only by the criminal cities of the nineteenth century. It is simple in form—a long, narrow slab—not because that was the architect's whim but because in that way he could flood every flat with sunlight to its full depth. Its living-rooms are twice the height of the bedrooms so that that sunlight comes through the fifteen-foot-high window, and the life of each flat is drawn forward, as it were, from the back of the room towards the big window and the balcony. In that climate and with modern heating, the balcony and window are the focal point, not the hearth. The block contains a school, a crèche, a clinic, shops, restaurant, and gymnasium . . . not because it is intended to make *L'Unité* a closed community, but because if these things are at hand then life is easier and freer for other things. It stands on its gigantic stilts, or *pilotis*, so that all the flats are lifted to the treetops to look out to the sea or Provençal hills.

There is much more to it than all that. There is the ingenious planning of the flats themselves and their rather lavish equipment. There is the roof-top sports ground. There is the fascinating colour and careful proportioning of the parts in accordance with Le Corbusier's famous 'modular'. In this book he analyses the design

process, relates it to his earlier experiments, and tells us the why and the wherefore. In the next few months we shall, no doubt, be seeing many pictures of the finished building; this is the story of its conception and birth. There have been, it is clear, plenty of birth pangs, but the child of Le Corbusier's brain is beautiful and lusty nevertheless.

## Soldiers and Soldiering

By A. P. Wavell. Cape. 8s. 6d.

This book is a selection from the lectures and articles of the late Lord Wavell on military subjects, including essays previously published elsewhere, which should appeal to civilian and soldier alike. The subjects range from a discussion of generals and generalship to one of soldiers, through both regular and unorthodox personalities, the ruses and stratagems of war, the problems of allied co-operation, of command, and of the most testing operation of war, a night attack, in both ancient and modern times. They show clearly what the author meant, and what he practised, as leadership.

Delicate mechanism is of little use in war. The late Lord Wavell considered robustness, ability to stand the shocks of war, the first essential of a general. All material of war should have a high margin over the normal breaking strain, and the only question which arises is whether British war material, including the generals, is unnecessarily solid? Nevertheless, the strain of the responsibility of dealing with men's lives is the most wearing test of any commander. Next came a quality fully revealed in these pages, common sense, a knowledge of what is, and what is not, possible.

This knowledge is based on topography and on supply, the principles and practice of military movement and administration, which are surely the crux of generalship, and too often overlooked by the British, who usually enter war with an almost complete lack of preparation, and have to rely on an inherent capacity for improvisation and detailed organisation. It is precisely here where most critics, and indeed many generals and statesmen, go wrong: most stratagems are easily thought of, but only executed by intelligent and careful preparation. All great strategical decisions depend ultimately on the administrative factor, and irregular enterprises require just as much preparation as any other operation of war. As Rommel wrote in his notes on desert warfare: before the fighting proper, the battle is fought and decided by the quartermasters. Recognition of this fundamental would alter several verdicts of the military historian—it explains why sustained and successful pursuit has been one of the rarest of military operations in the past, and remains problematical in the future. One other quality is insufficiently stressed, perhaps because rarely displayed—a fruitfulness in novel expedients to meet unusual emergencies. Whatever may inspire morale, the author recognised this as an essential element of any military force, more than ever necessary when units fight over wide open spaces rather than in close order. It begins with the commander, since no battle was ever lost until the leader thought it so, and goes down through all ranks. Operation orders do not win battles without the endurance and valour of those who carry them out. If the spirit can endure, the flesh will practically always find the capacity to carry on.

One question still remains unanswered: do soldiers often fight well because they have a

good leader than because they have a good cause? How many troops know exactly why they are fighting? On the vexed question of discipline, the author believed that the soldier did not mind a severe code, provided it was administered fairly and reasonably. What each man wanted was 'a square meal and a square deal', and to be put into battle with as good a chance as possible of victory and survival. The general who ensures this will have the soldier's confidence, though not necessarily his affection. In this sense, the best form of welfare remains a superlative state of training, for that saves unnecessary casualties.

The author touches on another vital point. Military history is a flesh and blood affair, not a matter of diagrams and rules, not a conflict of machines but of men. If initiative is not cramped by too much formalism, battles will still be won, sometimes in spite of the higher commanders. Here is the identical problem confronting political parties: to instil discipline whilst preserving individual initiative and independence. Quality is as important as quantity, boldness and originality the saving graces. The Germans have always, unlike the British, relied on method, painstaking staff preparation and training—business-like, effective, irresistible, until something goes wrong with the machine, and then with little prospect of recovery.

## Social Behaviour in Animals

By N. Tinbergen. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

### The Social Insects

By O. W. Richards. Macdonald. 15s.  
Lesser Worlds

By Nesta Pain. Longmans. 10s. 6d.  
Butterfly Farmer

By L. Hugh Newman. Phoenix. 16s.  
Search for the Spiny Babbler

By Dillon Ripley. Collanez. 14s.  
Wild Elephant Chase. By Heinrich Oberjohann. Dobson. 15s.

*Social Behaviour in Animals* is a biological account of the study of communities of animals. The author defines the concept of community very widely so that it includes all congregations of individuals, from a single pair or a family party to large flocks and herds. The book introduces the reader to the behaviour patterns shown by birds, fish, and butterflies, and points out the different kinds of co-operation that exist between individuals.

Function is given the pride of place throughout the work, and the author shows that the signalling system on which social co-operation is founded is for the most part innate. Various learning processes are imposed on the innate social relations, and amplify and complicate them to a high degree. Most of the book is devoted to the relationships between animals of the same species, but a valuable chapter deals with the impacts of different species on each other. In conclusion the author deals with the evolutionary aspects of social organisation, and shows that many of the formal ritual behaviour patterns of animals were originally accidental by-products, the outlets of nervous excitation either in the form of 'intention movements' or of 'displacement activities'. Dr. Tinbergen is one of the pioneers in the modern school of the study of animal behaviour. The book is very well illustrated.

**In The Social Insects** Dr. O. W. Richards considers the behaviour of a more restricted group of animals. The social organisation of insects is most highly developed in the great group of the Hymenoptera, the ants, the bees, and the wasps, and it is these insects, together with the termites, that are his chief concern. He includes the results of the latest researches, many of which he has undertaken himself, and gives a clear and masterly account of these fascinating insects.

The development of social behaviour is described, from the activities of the solitary wasp to the complex organisation of the communities of bees, and the evolution of hereditary castes. A particularly interesting account is given of the newly discovered dances of the honey bee, by which the position of the honey flow is communicated to the other members of the hive. Dr. Richards emphasises the strong contrast between the behaviour and the structure of insect and human societies. Insect behaviour is, as Dr. Tinbergen would term it, innate or unlearnt, and conforms to a rigid pattern. Human behaviour, on the other hand, depends almost entirely on what is learnt in early life. In spite of the fact that insects are practically unable to learn they have evolved communities whose structure is of extraordinary complexity; the author gives a full account of them in all their bewildering detail.

In contrast to Dr. Richards' original observations Nesta Pain's book records the work of others at second hand, and is no more than a hash-up of books long published, albeit very well done. The author is fully aware of the dangers of 'anthropomorphism' and in spite of the fact that it is difficult to believe that the amazing activities of the social insects are governed solely by blind instinct she does not fall into that trap; as the statement on the jacket puts it, 'That they are merely creatures of instinct, responding blindly to stimuli which they can neither understand nor control is, perhaps, just as well'. The book is based on a series of broadcast talks that recently gained considerable popularity.

In *Butterfly Farmer* Hugh Newman gives an account of the business, started by his father over fifty years ago, for breeding and supplying insects to the market that surprisingly exists for them. An account of the beginnings and the development of a successful enterprise is always interesting, even if its main object is to advertise it for commercial ends, and this book succeeds in its aim. It is astonishing that there are people willing to pay good money for 'aberrations', and other freaks among the butterflies and moths, in numbers sufficient to support a farm breeding thousands of insects whose fate is to be killed, stuck on pins, and put away in boxes and cabinets. Not more futile than many another human activity perhaps.

Dillon Ripley's book also deals with collecting and narrates his adventures on a journey to Nepal to shoot birds and bring back their dried skins for the museums. His special quest was to find the Spiny Babbler, a dull-coloured bird as big as a thrush with stiff, wiry shafts to the feathers of the forehead and crown. He succeeded in finding a small flock of them going about their business under some bushy shrubs; after some trouble he was able to shoot one and to preserve its skin—it was the first to be shot for 100 years and only the sixth specimen to be collected. But he did not see them again, and has nothing to tell us about their natural history. The expedition was held to be successful for it brought back the skins of no less than 600 birds.

The book is a mildly interesting account in the American style of a journey that must have been a fascinating experience.

Heinrich Oberjohann spent four years in the Lake Chad region hunting elephants in order to capture young ones and bring them back for the dealers in Europe. He killed a great many elephants and caught their babies, but his venture was unsuccessful for they all died on him, and his book is a melancholy record of carnage and useless slaughter. The author claims to 'come as close as any human being to understanding elephants', but his first page contains a gross error about the age reached by elephants, and his later ones are full of hear-say yarns and uncorroborated opinions. He seems surprised that when elephants are attacked they sometimes try to defend themselves.

### W. B. Yeats. Letters to Katherine Tynan. Edited by Roger McHugh. Burns Oates. 18s.

These letters from Yeats to Katherine Tynan are interesting chiefly because they were written during the beginning of Yeats' life as a writer, most of them between 1887 and 1892. This was a period of great activity for Yeats: he was working on his first book of poems, *The Wanderings of Oisin, Representative Irish Tales, The Countess Cathleen, Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, and, in collaboration with the poet and painter Edwin Ellis, on an edition of the mystical poems of Blake, with a commentary. He was also writing reviews and articles: these, and the editing jobs, encroached severely on his time and energy for writing poetry. They were formative years for him. Reading the letters, one can already see the beginning of those interests that were to lead him finally to write *A Vision*, that book that was of more importance to him than to anyone else; to formulate some kind of intellectual system, perhaps to compensate for what, one has heard, he thought a lack of education in himself. To Katherine Tynan he writes of experiments made by himself, Mrs. Besant, and others, in clairvoyance, Yeats being the mesmerist. Ideas of magic, in many forms, and ritual, were to interest him all his life, and to colour his poetic thought. But he could look on Madame Blavatsky with an ironic eye, and describe the Theosophical Society, after an inner crisis, as being like the happy family that used to be exhibited round Charing Cross Station—a cat in a cage full of canaries.

The letters show clearly that Yeats was not over-optimistic about the success of his work, nor arrogant about it. What he seems to have had, is a quiet confidence, though he was not consciously aware of it. 'I hope some day . . . [to] write poetry of insight and knowledge.' And hesitantly enough, he writes 'Some-day I shall be articulate, perhaps'. He took a common-sense view about the sales of his first book of poems; he had no faith that *The Wanderings of Oisin* would sell. He wrote to Katherine Tynan that he would sell, but not yet, and that many things, his own and others, would have to grow first. The passion in his poetry, not yet, of course, strongly developed as it was to be later, did not exclude the virtue of patience, nor a generous interest in the work of writers of far less importance than himself.

Yeats was one of those rare poets whose poetry continued to develop right up to the time of his death; he never ceased to be a contemporary poet: so that it is with a sense of shock that one reads in his letters to Katherine Tynan, of visits that he made to William Morris, or of his meeting John O'Leary. The letters contain literary gossip of the period, and much from Yeats about his immediate plans for journalistic work, and about his longer-term plans for his real work. Throughout the letters runs one persistent theme—his ever-present discontent with London where he could not settle and feel at home: his roots were in Sligo. Alone, he would

have been lost, but he was fortunate in his relations with his father and with the rest of his family; this family life in London, and the returns to Ireland for brief periods, appear as the physical background to the letters. Naturally, these make a mixed bag: they are of unequal value, but they will interest most readers of Yeats' poems. They are well and fully annotated by Mr. McHugh.

### Psychology and Alchemy. By C. G. Jung. Translated from the German by R. F. C. Hull. Collected Works. Vol. 12. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s. An Introduction to Jung's Psychology By Frieda Fordham. Pelican Books. 2s.

*Psychology and Alchemy*, with its 270 illustrations and nearly fifty pages of bibliography, the first published volume of Jung's collected works, has been long awaited by students of Jungian psychology, as one of his most mature and exhaustive studies of symbolism. It is nearly forty years since the publication of *Psychology and the Unconscious* made this generation aware that Jung, together with Freud, had brought to light one of those concepts that remain permanent in a culture, in the tradition of Galileo, Newton, and Darwin. The idea of the Unconscious marks an irreversible enlargement of thought, even though (as with Darwin) nearly every detail of the theory as first formulated should later be modified.

The ideas of Freud and Jung have to be considered in a much wider context than their immediate application to curing the mentally sick; already the more important question is their influence upon human morals, and culture. Jung (Lamarck to Freud's Darwin), concerned rather with the ends than the beginnings of psychological development, is properly seen as a religious thinker, the most important of his time. Certainly, he has produced no new religious truths, but he has given us a key by which to unlock the old wisdom, whether Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, or that of our own dreams. The present work applies the method to the elaborate symbolism of alchemy. Jung quotes extensive evidence to prove that (contrary to the opinion of A. E. Waite) the alchemical *opus* had, at all times, symbolic meaning other than that of material transmutation. The *opus* was, in part at least, a psychic transmutation, and the philosopher's stone, that new centre that Jung believes must be found (and in analysis seeks to establish), about which the human personality must be integrated if we are to know our true selves. A series of dreams is given which, although the dreamer had no knowledge of alchemical symbolism, forms a striking parallel with the stages of preparation of alchemical gold. As in dreams, the symbols by which alchemists described a single entity were infinitely variable. Traditional symbols only remain valid as long as they correspond to the psychic realities projected upon them. Alchemy broke down for a different reason—because it became apparent, in the end, that the experiments did not, in a scientific sense, work, and therefore the symbolic projection that, according to Jung, always tends to fill the vacuum of the unknown, could no longer be made. But the processes were none the less real for being psychological and not physical: 'The earlier talk of the "error" of alchemy sounds rather old-fashioned today, since the psychological aspects of it have faced science with new tasks. There are very modern problems in alchemy, though they lie outside the province of chemistry'.

In his introductory essay on the religious and psychological problems of alchemy Jung impressively states the essence of his contribution to religious thought. The idea is not new, but Christendom has been slow to accept the truth (basic in Buddhism) that the sacred symbols of religion stand for realities within the psyche; that they are not less real on that account, and that, indeed, we cannot live unless we come to terms with them. 'Christian civilisation has proved hollow to a terrifying degree: it is all veneer, but the inner man has remained untouched and therefore unchanged. . . . Inside reign the archaic gods, supreme as of old. . . . Too few people have experienced the divine image as the innermost possession of their own souls'. The notion that these divine entities are to be encountered through the symbols of our own dreams and imagination is one so fruitful that it must bring about a revolution in religious thought and experience. We are, in fact, precisely in the position of the alchemists in one important respect: we can no longer see any reason to attach a particular significance to one set of names for the gods rather than another, and religious thought, in this post-Frazer period, is inevitably romantic. If religious symbolism is once more the concern of the poetic imagination, that is the best possible state of affairs both for poetic and for religious thought.

Thinking as he does, it is possible that Jung shows a little too much broadminded tolerance towards authoritarian forms of religion that are, so one would think, intrinsically opposed to the religion of the 'god within'. Swedenborg said that, as from the year 1757 the old forms were inwardly dead—as good a date as any other. Jung's tendency to court church religion on the grounds that it is safe, that it *helps some people*, and so on, shows less respect for the soul that knows the truth than Blake's or Swedenborg's clear call to discard the outworn external forms. Jung may be right in hoping that Christendom is still vital enough to grow with this great advance in knowledge of the nature of the soul; but Freud's singleness of mind in stating truths as he found them is preferable to a certain equivocation in Jung that makes one a little anxious lest the forces of reaction routed by Freud should rally under the cloak of Jungian psychology.

Mrs. Fordham's Pelican book need not alarm readers who are not prepared to be plunged into the symbolism of Paracelsus, the Buddhist Mandalas, Meister Eckhart, and the rest. Here we have Jung's basic notions—the psychological types, the personal and collective unconscious, the archetypes, the complex, the integration of the personality, simply and clearly stated, without distortion, though certainly shorn of the background material that it is, perhaps, their greatest value to illuminate. A previous introduction to Jungian psychology, by Dr. Jolán Jacobi, is rather less easy reading than many of Jung's own books; Mrs. Fordham simplifies, and Jung's ideas still seem sensible when, shorn of the trappings of Faustus' study, they are presented in a form that would not do violence to Mrs. Dale's diary.

### George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham By Philippe Erlanger.

**Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.**

Buckingham's career and its part in the making of the seventeenth-century revolution ought by now to have been the subject of a major historical work. The clique of court politicians who conspired to bring his young charms to the notice of James I in the hope of ousting the obnoxious Robert Carr did not change the course of history; but they did produce a phenomenon of some importance in breaking down the reluc-

tance of the propertied communities of England to attack the established political order, and in uniting their grievances with popular feeling. With few assets apart from his attractiveness, Buckingham extended his influence beyond the court into the spheres of diplomacy and administration, until he enjoyed most of the effective powers, though not the inviolability, of the throne. We need to know much more about how his powers were applied, and by what unobtrusive as well as overt means they were resisted. In this, as in so much else, shamefully little has been added to the solid accounts of Gardiner.

M. Erlanger's biography, which appeared in French two years ago and is now translated, readably enough, by Mr. Lionel Smith-Gordon, cannot claim to be a serious contribution to historical study. The long list of sources at the end is so full of blunders and misunderstandings as to leave little doubt about the extent to which they have been used. The book appears to derive largely from such secondary authorities as Wingfield-Stratford (whom M. Erlanger places 'in the first rank of learned writers') and C. R. Cammell, whose life of Buckingham contains most of the quotations from contemporary sources reproduced here. What we are offered is a pleasantly fluent re-telling of the story for the entertainment of the 'general reader', who already has a glut of seventeenth-century biographies to choose from, including half a dozen of Buckingham.

There is no harm in that; and the customer will probably not complain of the numerous errors of detail which descend and multiply from one such biography to another. He may nevertheless raise an eyebrow at the confusion of pounds with both crowns and shillings, and of Plymouth with Portsmouth, or at the picture of the Puritans 'so enraged against luxury that they shaved their whole heads'. But the reader of historical biographies is entitled to something that will not seriously mislead him on the way history works. Though Buckingham's understanding of the principles and necessities of foreign policy was disastrously hazy, it is not true that wars and alliances were made and unmade simply as a result of his whims or amorous escapades. M. Erlanger is rightly cautious and critical in handing on the gossip of the court scandal-mongers about the favourite's alleged love-affair with the Queen of France. He then goes on to ascribe the French war, and indeed the whole course of Charles' relations with Europe at the beginning of the reign, solely to Buckingham's thwarted passion. Clarendon, it is true, said much the same; but under more careful examination the muddles and tensions from which foreign policies emerge are not quite so simple or so romantic as that.

### Sir Hans Sloane and the British Museum By G. R. de Beer. Oxford. 18s.

As is well known, this year is the bicentenary of the founding (not the opening, which followed six years later) of the British Museum. The Trustees have therefore been well advised to take the opportunity to sponsor a life of Sir Hans Sloane, their pious founder, and to put the work into the hands of the Director of the British Museum (Natural History), commonly called the Natural History Museum, or by naturalists (ignoring Bloomsbury) just the British Museum. For it is there that Sloane's non-literary collections and his correspondence and papers are preserved.

For a man of such eminence, and one who has left so permanent a memorial, Sir Hans Sloane is curiously little known. Dr. de Beer says bitterly that for many people today he is nothing but a street and a square, when he is not confused with Sir John Soane (also the founder of a museum), or the inventor of a liniment—to

which list he might have added a jockey.

Sloane has been vaguely thought of as a great and omnivorous collector, but rather a dull man. He figures, of course, in many books, histories of the Royal Society and of the British Museum; but a separate book on him was badly needed, and now we have it. It shows him as anything but dull, and seeing that he lived for ninety-two years, and was in friendly relations with all the intellectual giants of his time, and that he laid down principles of museum collecting which were new, but which hold the field today, Dr. de Beer's book, covering so much ground, is manageable in bulk and makes very agreeable reading. He leaves, of course, ample material for later enquirers and writers.

Sloane went for his medical degree, not like most Protestant Englishmen or Scots (he was of the latter race by birth) to Leyden, but to the obscure school of Orange in South France. But on his return we find him assisting the famous Dr. Thomas Sydenham. His great chance, which determined the course of his life, came in 1687, when at the early age of twenty-seven he was appointed to accompany the Duke of Albemarle, Governor of Jamaica, to the West Indies as his family physician. The young doctor had already, while in France, begun to collect plants, and was in correspondence with the famous naturalist Ray. Ray ardently supported the plan of a voyage to Jamaica, as an opportunity for adding to European knowledge of the plants of the New World. Had not the potato, the tobacco plant and 'Jesuits' bark' (*Cinchona vera*) already come thence? The last, which is now called quinine, had been the subject of much controversy, having been confused with another tree of less efficacy—hence the word *vera*.

The Jamaican episode was but a short one, for the party returned at the critical moment of James II's abdication, and when they made England did not know who was king there. But Sloane being a Protestant and a Whig, all was well for him, and he soon developed a large and very lucrative practice, interesting himself all the time in collecting, not only in natural history but in books, MSS., and to a minor degree antiquities. He became a royal physician, and probably owed his title not to his professional eminence or to his many other admirable qualities but to the chance that by his advice he had kept Queen Anne alive for two days, and thereby ensured the Hanoverian succession.

Sloane played a large part in the fortunes of the Royal Society for many years, first as Secretary and then as President. The society had a 'repository', or, as we should call it, a museum. In charge of this was that remarkable, and like Sloane somewhat neglected, man of science, Robert Hooke. Hooke's ideas were just those of Sloane, and were to be given permanent fulfilment in the latter's will and foundation. The aim was to be 'as full and complete a collection of all varieties of natural bodies as could be obtained, where an inquirer might be able to have recourse . . . . The use of such a collection is not for diversion and wonder, and gazing . . . but for the most serious and diligent study'. That is the principle on which museums still collect and preserve the classes of objects which are in their field; for mere 'curiosities' or 'association objects' they have no room.

*The First Four Years: the report of the Children's Officer of the City of Birmingham for the period from February, 1949 to 1953, reviewed in THE LISTENER on July 30, was published by the City of Birmingham Children's Department, to whom enquiries should be addressed.*

# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

### Asking the Right Questions

INSTINCT AND INTELLECT exist uneasily together, we know, and it may be that B.B.C. television takes too little note of instinct, even as it sometimes appears to discount intellect: hence—could it be?—the vacuum in which certain types of programmes seem to be suspended.

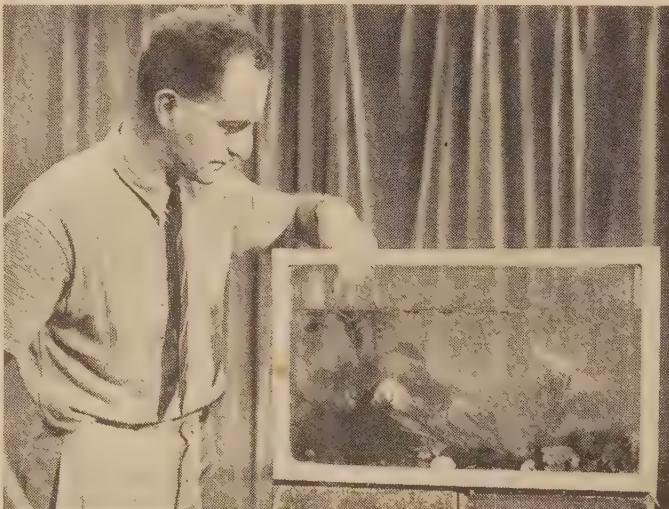
Take 'Town Forum', from Birmingham, the other night: take 'Town Forum' from anywhere, any night. The producer obviously goes to work on the basis that it is a right and proper manifestation of the democratic spirit to let the people share actively, and not passively, in the programme. 'Well, old man, you have to, these days, haven't you? I mean to say, old man . . .' and we are let in for questions like that one asked at Birmingham: 'Supposing the panel could choose itself, who would it choose?' or something hardly less fatuous. I long for the 'Town Forum' in which an outraged panel member retorts with a good old-fashioned be-damned-to-you-sir and refuses to answer. So far there has been no sign, that I have seen, of any such satisfactory *contretemps*, which may be an argument for a producer not bothering to protect the intelligence of his platform team. Instinct might ensure that at least those questions asked in the hearing of a great outside audience would not be quite puerile and, still more important, that they would reflect some large popular interest, sensible if not profound.

In other words, the journalistic flair is desirable in framing these publicly asked questions; a suggestion unlikely to strike a responding chord in some B.B.C. hearts, which are apt to contract with a spasm of pain at the thought of so unhallowed an influence being brought to bear on the programmes. But I have frequently watched 'Town Forum', and the number of wisely provocative, worthwhile questions spoken into the microphones does not, in my recollection, make a flattering total. When the young Alfred Harmsworth started *Answers*, he quickly found that by relying on the public to send in the sort of questions worth publishing he could not push up the circulation above 12,000. Alarmed, he sat down and wrote the questions him-

self and soon had a success on his hands.

A little more of that instinct would not do the B.B.C. great harm. It might do 'Town Forum' a lot of good. Last week's panel received no real inspiration from the body of the hall. I commend Collin Brooks' insistence on the point of a question being not only considered but stuck to; a platform exemplar, he, who would make an admirable panel chairman. Denis Morris, in that role, developed a nervous diffidence that may have been more apparent than real, he being beset perhaps by the gnawing worm of time. While James Laver adroitly bagged the laughs, Kingsley Martin good-naturedly put on a show of enjoying questions which did not do him justice. Lady Barnett was entirely charming.

'Man against Marsh', illustrating the reclamation of hitherto inaccessible bog lands in



In 'Children's Television' on August 12: John Barrett showing types of seaweed which can be found round the coasts of Britain

Lanarkshire and indicating the possibilities of similar operations to the south, was dismissed in my hearing as a dull programme, and it is true that it offered few delights for the eye. It had something useful to say if not much to show: that 12,000,000 acres of marshland, representing a strip twenty miles wide running right down the length of Scotland and England, can be brought into production with highly consequential effects on our food situation. It was made clear to us that James Cuthbertson's new land-draining machine may be as revolutionary

as Jethro Tull's farming principles of long ago. Not all the flatness of the programme was supplied by the boggy acres. I think the verbal information might have been given us in a more rounded and tempting style. None the less, a programme worth doing.

In one important particular, instinct, flair, intuition, or what you will, went astray in 'Right Hand, Left

Hand', the programme about what the experts have evidently agreed to call sidedness, the emphasis in individuals on the use of the right or left hand. Someone had resolved that it would be a clever thing to bring in 'celebrities' for experiment. That not every one present strictly qualified for the term hardly matters, except that the pretence that he or she did qualify tended to cheapen a serious and purposeful demonstration. A more discerning instinct would have rejected the celebrity notion as hackneyed and would have introduced people whose names we know but whose faces we never see. They exist within television's own orbit; no need to go tramping round the agents' offices. The theme was curiously muddled, and because of it was made at times to seem embarrassingly trivial. I think it would have been better to leave the doctor to make his points in his own engagingly homespun fashion, with the aid of the cartoons. Fine as are Bronowski's expository powers, they were clouded on this occasion by his oozing suavity.

Dylan Thomas' 'Speaking Personally' fell only just short of being a television *tour de force*. I say no more, for fear of trespassing on my colleague's critical domain. The prefatory Test Match stroll round the Oval with Brian Johnston was as amiably instructive as before and the subsequent pictures of the play have often been first-rate. Excellent pictures came to us, too, from Holly Hill Farm, Essex, on Saturday afternoon; but who, I wonder, wants television on Saturday afternoon? Sunday afternoon is one of television's weakest spots.

REGINALD POUND

## TELEVISION

### Gilbertian

ON SATURDAY NIGHT the people of these historic islands were regaled with a revue called 'A Little of What You Fancy', which was said, in mitigation, to reflect the personal tastes of Gilbert Harding. One can imagine future historians pondering this not very Gibbonian observation. Important or not? The importance, the deference, and the love accorded to Mr. Harding by the B.B.C. and consequently by the people of Britain may in some years' time—a long time, let us hasten to hope—seem a fraction disproportionate. Want, war, social decay, a failing light at the Oval, and barbarians clamouring at the gate: and how did the people of England react? They sat, it seems, in convulsions of joy while a conjuring duffer in a fez balanced upturned vases of liquid upon the head of Mr. Harding.

There are certain nasty natures who do not like Mr. Harding: 'a pinchbeck Dr. Johnson' is their phrase. Others, with squeals of delight, complain that he is ever so rude. But his greatness cannot really be questioned, if only because no other national figure, not even the Duke of Wellington, has ever had greatness thus ineluctably thrust upon him. We have no measure.

I do not wish to psychoanalyse the man himself, here or anywhere. Why he is what



As seen by the viewer: 'Man against Marsh' on August 12—a demonstration of the old method of ditch-digging by hand, and (right) the Cuthbertson tractor driven by the inventor



Photographs: John Cura



Bransby Williams, who was eighty-three on August 14, in his programme on August 13. Left: Gilbert Harding and Philip Harben in 'A Little of What You Fancy'

columnists call irascible; why he always appears to wish to wound before he himself is wounded; why, with so many happy tastes and fancies, he is apparently so inharmonious a nature I do not seek to guess. But the secret of his success is plain to see; in a world, a television world, where charm oozes beyond refinement and fatuity and into nausea, a thoroughly disagreeable manner falls like a benediction. All the same, lack of charm need not necessarily make a fascinating revue or we should have more of them. It was the bated, bovine clumsiness of this half-baked programme which enthralled us. That a piece of television variety should come to us in a muddle was no surprise; but a muddle in which a sort of mailed fist was shaken at us—that was indeed a novelty. It began with an irritation which sometimes worries telephone subscribers, who write to *The Times* about it, and soon passed on to that other, more popular bugbear: the young person who makes up in public. Presently there was scorn for those who

do not upbraid bad caterers and the throwing of aspidistras out of doors. These were touchingly nostalgic doings; especially the shaming of the aspidistra, which took us back to the bright young things of the 'twenties who found both aspidistras and Wigan almost unbearably funny.

However, the aspidistra joke had a sequel, for after omelettes with the fidgety Mr. Harben, there was Mrs. Constance Spry, a dignified woman and something of an artist in her way, which is that of a flower arranger. This particular interview did not go well: Mr. Harding, seizing 'twixt thumb and finger one of Mrs. Spry's minor works of art and derisively holding it out for our inspection towards the wrong camera, managed to spill its arty little contents on the floor. The second vase fared little better. It was a relief when he thrust upon the florist a monster bunch of blooms, which she was to treat during the next turns.

Hereabouts the minatory tone, which had un-

comfortably reminded me of those exhortations one used to see on the screens of totalitarian cinemas, '*Die deutsche Frau ruahrt nicht*', and so on, began to yield before a projection of Mr. Harding as the guileless, gormless, lovable mug, a sort of Parsifal of the popular press. Anon, Tommy Cooper, a conjurer who wears a fez and performs deliberately unsuccessful tricks to the sound of his own laughter, had dragged in Mr. Harding, and the B.B.C.'s great avuncular Everyman was made to wear a fez too, recalling strikingly a recently deposed potentate; and, further, made to hold an upturned can of water on his pate. Very funny—in a way. Yet it reminded me of a terrible scene enacted by Emil Jannings at the close of '*The Blue Angel*' and of a terrible true story told by Christopher Sykes of a courtier who carried loyalty to his sovereign to the point of permitting similar liberties.

I think we were glad to get back to Mr. Harding heavily disapproving of Schöenberg (inevitably), and extolling in antithesis a rather fancy performance of '*Jesu, joy of man's desiring*', lovely cool music by Brahms—'at least, it isn't by Brahms, but I get mixed up at this time in the evening', cried Mr. Harding, looking, I thought, rather hunted at that moment. Well, we all get mixed up one time or another. But perhaps there is a difference between the Gilbertian, which is a lunatic but orderly topsy-turvydom, and the Hardingesque, which is apt to be merely confused.

Later we came back to Mrs. Spry's now imposingly arranged flowers, which Mr. Harding this time did not knock down, and to the credit titles, ending; 'And of course Gilbert Harding'. Lapidary words for an epitaph.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

#### Sound Broadcasting

#### DRAMA

#### Alarums and Excursions

OBSTINATELY, I had looked forward to '*King John*' (Home), that troublesome-reign play which is so often pushed aside with an apologetic whisper that Shakespeare would do much better things. Agreed; but '*John*' itself can stir us if we listen to it closely—and what better medium than sound radio? Way down west the 'World Theatre' revival came through excitingly, brushing away superfluous apologies like the high tide washing a trail of weed from Peden-an-Vounder beach. There was far more than the Arthur-Hubert showpiece in which Deryck Guyler,



'A Penny for a Song' on August 11, with Judith Stott as Dorcas Bellboys and Joseph Shaw as Edward Sterne



Elaine Malbin, soprano of American television opera, as she appeared in the B.B.C.'s television programme of August 16

appropriately gruff, dealt with Hubert, and Richard Brooke's Arthur chirped gallantly.

In the theatre it is often the Bastard's night. He has a swashbuckling drive as well as a sharp sense of humour (hear him on 'my picked man of countries'). When he is around, and confidently acted, we may forget sometimes that we should be thinking of the unfortunate monarch who, with Richard III, is one of the kick-about's of English history. Robert Harris, governing the radio version, seemed to incline to the view of the chronicler Holinshed, who said that King John had 'a princely heart in him'. Mr. Harris' voice has a natural nobility. It is hard for him to persuade us that he has any scoundrelly intentions, even in the Macbeth-echoing scene with Hubert (the play has several queer echoes); and it was not until near the end, on the line, 'That villain Hubert told me he did live', that the King, as it were, hoisted the black flag. But the actor spoke the verse richly: listening to him, one remembered Granville Barker's phrase, 'The tunes that Shakespeare writes to, the whole great art of his music-making, we can master. Actors can train their ears and tongues and can train our ears to it'. Most of the 'John' players had found the tune, even if Salisbury could not reburnish 'To gild refined gold, to paint the lily', and—as so often—a Prince Henry let the miraculous 'I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan' fall with a thud.

Certainly John Van Eyssen got the note for the Bastard, though the part did not dominate as usual; Maxine Audley rapped out at the railing Constance, so uncommonly snobbish in her grief ('Thy word is but the vain breath of a common man') reminds one of a novelist who was overheard to say that she 'did not write for clerks'); and Robert Farquharson brought the clawing voice of his Mr. Sleuth to the sinister casuist, Cardinal Pandulph. More could have been made of Pandulph's entry, the moment when the Church Militant exerts its power: 'Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!' In this revival Pandulph merely stepped into the scene. But elsewhere Wilfrid Grantham's production was most alertly devised, with shrewd adaptation (the switching, for example, of the Bastard's 'Ha, majesty!'), and an ear for such cuts as two of the most lamentable Shakespearean lines, Philip's 'Even to that drop ten thousand wily friends Do glue themselves in sociable grief', when a teardrop falls on Constance's hair. It was, in all, a truly rewarding night: a troublesome reign, but no troublesome play in performance.

'Service' (Home) proved to be a rather glum return to listening in London. Dodie Smith's romance of the department store in difficulties—'You've got to push in these days: push or go'—has frayed badly; the production was not helped by a good deal of self-conscious, actorish speaking. Mary Wimbush came off most happily as the deplorable woman, Isobel. She might have been an agreeable wife for 'the rotten grinning little tyke' who is at the head of the pushing new firm, and who we do not hear. But Isobel, alas, is engaged elsewhere. Noel Iliff bravely did not let us know what he must have been feeling about the domestic scenes for the sacked Mr. Benton. All said, hardly a revival to remember.

The first instalment of 'Northanger Abbey' (Home) lifted my spirits. Jane Austen might have used as an epigraph Sheridan's 'A circulating library in a town is an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge'. It was a nice idea for Thea Holme to begin her version with a few seconds in a circulating library during that year, 1798, when Horror was sought so ardently. On, then, to Bath, to the Lower Rooms to Catherine's meeting with Henry and the Thorpes. Everything, under Raymond Raikes' guidance, is very well set for Northanger: with the quick spirit of Sarah Leigh, Peter Coke, and Brenda Bruce to help us, we look hopefully to the next Sundays.

In his production of a Burma war feature, 'A Chindit Story' (Home), Robin Whitworth kept the wire taut. And, from my holiday listening, I recall Howieson Culff's able treatment of 'Bella Donna' (Home), with Sonia Dresdel spouting at 'He bores me; he irritates me beyond bearing' as no one else could say it; and a mild 'Gently, Bentley!' (Light), in which Mr. Bentley made the profoundly pondered remark, 'Food was popular in 1925'.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Olla Podrida

In DISCUSSING 'When Is a Murderer Mad?' last Thursday I described the various obstacles I encountered in my attempt to follow the argument, obstacles whose cumulative effect was to leave me merely bewildered. I also expressed the view that the discussion was unscripted. If this was so, it is so no longer, since the discussion appeared in THE LISTENER last week. I hastened to read it and the result surprised me, for though the outcome was inconclusive, the steps of the argument emerged clearly in print. What then? Am I to eat humble pie and recant my first criticism? Certainly not. I was criticising a broadcast, not a printed article, and the sharp difference between my reactions to broadcast and article serves only to reinforce my view that the form of the broadcast—no chairman to identify the speakers, mark the stages, and summarise the outcome—was entirely unsuited to a discussion of this kind.

Last week, as far as my researches went, there was only one discussion to befog or enlighten me. Under the somewhat puzzling title, 'On Not Seeing Poetry', two poets, James Kirkup and James Reeves, conversed for half an hour quietly, easily, and without any of that humming and hawing so embarrassing to the listener. Owing to defective sight, Mr. Reeves has in recent years been unable to read; consequently he can only hear, not see, poetry. In other words, he has to rely on others to read it to him, and from this he has learnt much of how poetry should be read aloud and also of the difference between understanding poetry through the eye and through the ear. I agreed heartily with all the views expressed in this conversation except one, namely that a poem should be read as well as written by its author. I could mention several eminent poets who as readers do, or did, their poetry far less than justice.

T. S. Eliot is not one of these, though appreciation of his reading is, I think, an acquired taste. Last week the Third Programme gave a recording of his fine reading of 'Ash Wednesday' which was originally broadcast nearly two years ago. Another reading of work by its author—this time of prose—was Graham Greene's of an extract from a novel which he is at present writing. The piece was entitled 'A Small Affair', a description, all the more vivid for his quiet, unsensational reading, of an incident in the Viet-Minh war, which, as a note under the title told us, 'contains no fiction'. I take this to mean that it was an eye-witness account of actual events; a fine piece of writing, by which I do not mean a piece of fine writing.

In 'Some English Influences in Proust'—a shortened version of his inaugural lecture in the Chair of French in King's College, London—J. M. Cocking traced striking parallels in *The Mill on the Floss* and *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, and discussed the influence of George Eliot and Ruskin on Proust, whom a French critic has wittily dubbed the greatest English novelist. Having recently re-read *The Mill on the Floss*, I was all the better able to appreciate this excellent talk.

Last Friday Bertrand Russell began a series of 'Portraits from Memory' in which he took us back to the Cambridge of the 'nineties, that leisurely and tolerant institution where, as he said, 'incompetence, oddity, and even insanity were tolerated'. In confidential, post-prandial style he gossiped about a few of the odder members of the university in those now distant days. 'My mathematical coach . . . went mad', he mentioned in passing, 'but none of his pupils noticed it'. Such extremes of individuality would doubtless be frowned on nowadays, nor is it any longer possible for a graduate to gain a life Fellowship which conferred on him a comfortable immunity from all duties for the rest of his life. Lord Russell's further divulgations are something to look forward to among the graver emissions of the B.B.C.

In the present dearth of short stories it was good to hear 'The Tree', a strange and exquisite story, something in the nature of an aesthetic parable, by Walter de la Mare, of which Geoffrey Winchett gave a good reading. In the previous week Malcolm Graeme read James Thurber's 'The Night the Bed Fell'. This is not the best Thurber: it demands from the listener more laughter than he is able to give, and, once read or heard, does not bear repetition. It was not Mr. Graeme's fault that it didn't work on me.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### 'Tis Pity—!

LAST WEEK the Holland Festival provided us with performances of two operas, 'Lulu' and 'Otello', both concerned with the more unpleasant manifestations of the sexual instinct. Berg's opera raises, indeed, in an acute form the old problem of the relationship of Art and Morals. Lulu is a squalid nymphomaniac without one single redeeming feature in her character and actions. Apologists aver that Berg was moved by pity for her; if so, he has made not the slightest effort to arouse in us, the audience, any corresponding sense of pity, as Shakespeare and Verdi arouse our sympathy for the Moor, despite his stupidity and ugly passion. But then Othello is presented as a noble character ruined by a temperamental flaw; Lulu is utterly ignoble and her associates are no better. The only one who does anything that can, by a stretch of language, be called good, is the Countess Geschwitz who, for a reason that does her little credit, sacrifices herself to save Lulu from a well-merited punishment.

Nor will it do to argue that such people exist. They certainly do, as recent events prove, and they throng in the Berlin of thirty years ago. As a document of an unsavoury phase in German social history, 'Lulu' may possibly have its value. As a work of art it seems to me to have no more validity than the lowest of the sensational films which were made at that time for more or less private exhibition. But because it is dignified with music and called an opera, it is solemnly brought out for the edification of 'Festival' audiences.

The score, no doubt, is a marvellously intricate structure built upon a single 'note-row' with an ingenuity which makes the palindromes and algebraic formulae of the old Netherlanders and the crossword puzzles in this journal (the workings of which, I confess, I can never even begin to understand) look like child's play. But that is what the Germans call 'eye-music'. To the ear the ingenuity goes for nothing and the orchestral accompaniment, which, I suspect, was not well played on this occasion, sounded like the background music to a melodramatic film. Apart from any other considerations, 'Lulu' made a bad broadcast, because it depends so much upon the acting and the visual scene for

its effect. There is nothing less interesting to listen to than *Sprechgesang* interlarded with shrieks and crashes, when one cannot see what it is all about. So, having seen the opera in Venice four years ago, I excused myself from following its dreary and unpleasant course beyond the second act.

'Otello' is calculated to take any nasty taste out of one's mouth, though I regret to have to record disappointment in the performance under review. It began with a singularly unexciting storm—surely the most exciting opening scene in any opera, if it is properly done. Perhaps some of the blame must be laid on the recording, which seemed to be uneven in quality and failed to give enough prominence to the orchestra. But there can be no question that Josef Krips' handling of the score was altogether too

finicking. There was no drive behind the rhythms to make the music flow onward in an overwhelming flood beneath the vocal melodies in Othello's 'Farewell to arms', the great duet which ends the second act, and the finale of the third. In this last an unpardonable cut was made, which completely destroyed the cumulative effect of Verdi's grandest operatic ensemble. We had been given the ballet music, composed for the Paris production of 1894 and actually Verdi's last theatrical composition. It was interesting to hear it in its context and it is probably the best ballet music he wrote; but it did not compensate us for the subsequent butchery of the finale.

Ramon Vinay's 'Otello' is well known. He sings it all over the world and can probably sing it in his sleep—which was rather what I

suspected him of doing on this occasion. Plenty of fine ringing top notes, but very little expressiveness or drive. Gré Brouwenstijn sang Desdemona's music accurately and with beautiful tone, though she lacks the silvery quality for the 'Willow Song' and 'Ave Maria'. But it is not sufficient to place one note accurately after another and expect them to achieve the required musical effect. They must be coloured and shaped into phrases so that the melody is charged with poignant emotion. This, like so many singers nowadays, Miss Brouwenstijn failed to do.

The best performance came from the Iago, Scipio Colombo, who sang splendidly and acted with his voice. There was also a good Cassio (Chris Scheffer) with an agreeable tenor.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Piano Music of Skryabin

By M. MONTAGU-NATHAN

Skryabin's Third and Fifth Sonatas will be broadcast at 10.55 p.m. on Sunday, August 23 (Third)

**W**HEN writing, at this date, on the subject of Alexander Nikolaevich Skryabin, whose creative work nigh on forty years ago attracted the most earnest attention not only of the European but of almost the entire musical world, one is inclined to ask, as was asked of Hans Breitmann's festivity, 'Vhere ish dat barty now?'

Skryabin's music, particularly that written for the piano, is still favoured by quite a number of public performers; but when one bears in mind such documents as the commemorative 'Skryabin number' issued by the publishers of the then sumptuous and flourishing journal *The Musical Contemporary* (*Muzikalni Sovremenik*) in 1916, to which all the most valued critics in Russia contributed, the array of volumes on the composer's life and output written by such eminent musicologists as Koptyaev, Gunst, Karatigin, and Sabaneev, the formation in Russia of a Skryabin Society, and the spate of articles which supervened upon the first performance of 'Prometheus' given by Henry Wood at Queen's Hall, when that work was played twice in the same programme, it is obvious that Skryabin's reputation as a composer of the very greatest importance has undergone something of a decline. That he was regarded with the most intense seriousness by such an experienced judge of music as the publisher, Belyaev, is manifested in the correspondence between them (between 1894 and 1903) published in Petrograd in 1922. The present writer's contribution to the clamour was the publication of a slender but detailed catalogue raisonné bearing the same title as this article; it was long since allowed to go out of print.

In a comprehensive survey of Skryabin's works for the piano it emerges that many of his smaller pieces are what in the parlance of the plastic artist are termed 'details', to be later incorporated in works of a major calibre: his sonatas and symphonic compositions. Several of his concluding smaller pieces are, it is believed, sketches for that final 'Mystery' which he did not survive to complete. These are, of course, a far cry from the ingredients of his early style of prelude, flippantly described by César Cui as 'articles purloined from Chopin's trousseau'. Yet already in these primitive compositions, one discovers—even in the Valse, Op. 1—the germ of those once-startling harmonies which were later to become conspicuous both in the sonatas and in such symphonic works as 'The Divine Poem' and 'Prometheus'. Their evolution is demonstrated in an appendix to Sabaneev's volume in the following illustration:



The Chopin phase, playfully attributed to the young Skryabin's habit of sleeping with the Polish master's works under his pillow, lasted roughly until Op. 25, the nine mazurkas published in 1899. In the orchestral domain he took leave of this phase in his very next work—the First Symphony, given by Belyaev to the world two years later. Among the works so influenced two series stand out in the memory of early Skryabinophiles, namely, the twelve Études, Op. 8, composed in 1894, and the twenty-four Preludes, Op. 11. These two groups were hailed with delight among many who later on must have been much exercised in mind about the change which overcame their idol's creative methods and style.

But prior to these early works that appeared during the Chopin phase, there had been signs—in the First Sonata, Op. 6—of the subsequent adoption of a manner and style decidedly more complex. The soaring and ecstatic moods to be observed in the second of the five Preludes, Op. 16, have established themselves in the Second Sonata, Op. 19, in which is to be found a combination of the ideas discernible in his output up to this time. The title here employed, 'Sonata Fantasia', foreshadows the adoption of the single-movement form—finally reached in the Fifth Sonata, Op. 53. In his Fourth, Op. 30, he divides his two movements, although their thematic material is more or less common to both. He had not, however, abandoned the separate movement lay-out. In the Third Sonata, in F sharp minor, called by its composer 'The Gothic', having been inspired by contemplation of a ruined castle, Skryabin divides the work into four movements, this being the sole example of such division. Gunst describes this as 'the last moment of spiritual affinity with Chopin', but another commentator discerns a degree of austerity, suggesting that the composer had at this stage been influenced to some extent by Medtner's manner. It will be noticed, however, that this quality has been mitigated by climaxes of a positively jubilant character. It is on record that the second theme of the finale served as a lullaby in the composer's home.

There now appears in Skryabin's creative material that quality of diabolism about which so much has been written and which is attributable, it is averred, to the influence of Liszt's B minor Sonata and Mephisto Valse. This makes its appearance in the Fifth Sonata and can also be traced in the Fantasia, Op. 28, the Tragic Poem, Op. 34, the Satanic Poem, Op. 36, and 'Etrangeté', Op. 63. It reaches its apogee in the Ninth Sonata, Op. 68, in which it has become so intense as to have been dubbed 'poisonous', earning a further description of 'black magic' and creating the impression in the mind of Gunst, mentioned in his monograph published soon after the composer's death, of 'illumined by the rays of a black sun'. This Fifth Sonata, composed not long after the 'Poem of Ecstasy', is prefaced by the following quotation from the literary text upon which the 'Poem' was based:

I call you to life, o mysterious powers!  
Submerged in the profound obscurity of the creative spirit—  
To you timorous phantoms of life I bring audacity.

Illuminating commentary upon this so-called 'diabolism' and 'black magic' is afforded in a volume which is probably the most exhaustive and certainly the most surprising biography of the composer; that published in Moscow in 1916 by Leonid Sabaneev. Its writer had during Skryabin's lifetime served as his artistic counsellor and *fides Achates*. Yet, in this astonishing volume, its author seemed bent on making light of the composer's then almost universally acknowledged genius. The feet of this monumental talent were, it now transpired, fashioned in the softest of clay. His entry into the world of 'black magic' and of the orgiastic was, it was alleged, a quite ridiculous gesture, since this diabolism in fact savoured of the *salon* rather than of the lowest stratum of the nether regions.

The effect of this *post mortem* attack among the Skryabinites following may be observed in a comparison between the first and second issues of the Skryabin Society's annual *Proceedings* (*Izvestia*) published respectively in 1916 and 1917. The first of these was devoted to a comprehensive account of the tributes paid during twelve months to the memory of the dead, but supposedly immortal, composer; the subsequent volume consisted almost exclusively of a series of protests from the Society's most distinguished members. Vyacheslav Ivanov, the poet, referred to this indictment of the composer's attempt at diabolism as the perpetration of a demented and egotistical servant of Satan, and described the offender as a Modern Brutus!

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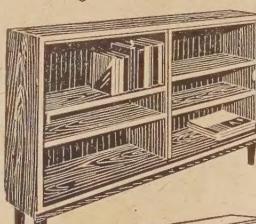
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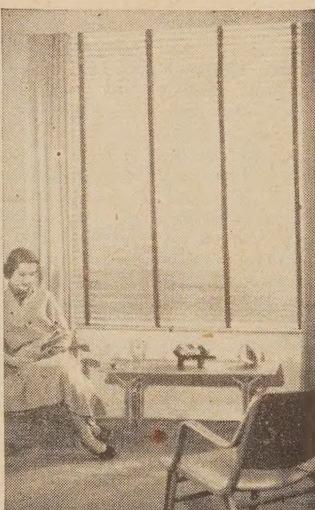
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For the Housewife

# Dual-purpose Dishes

By MARGUERITE PATTEN

**H**ERE are three dishes that can go into the picnic basket (weather permitting) or can easily be turned into a suitable meal for use at home. The first is galantine. My quarrel with most galantines is that they are rather dry, but this recipe produces a moist mixture—excellent sliced cold with salad, or hot with a brown gravy or tomato sauce. To make it, you will need:

½ lb. of fresh minced meat  
 ¼ lb. of sausage meat or chopped bacon (odd pieces would do).  
 Approximately 4 oz. of bread  
 1½ gills (teacups) of milk or stock  
 Seasoning  
 2 skinned sliced tomatoes (or sliced red or green pepper)  
 1 sliced onion  
 2 oz. of fat (approximately)  
 2 hard-boiled eggs

Heat the milk or stock, and pour it over the bread. Soak for a short time, then mash up well. Add the meat, sausage meat, and seasoning. Fry the tomatoes and onion in hot fat until just soft, then work them into the meat mixture. Lightly grease a loaf tin, or oval dish, and press in half the meat mixture. Cover this with the sliced, hard-boiled eggs, the rest of the meat mixture, and a piece of lightly greased paper. Bake for just about an hour in the centre of a moderate oven, at mark 4, or 400 degrees F.

Curried, hard-boiled eggs make another good dual-purpose dish. You will need:

2 hard-boiled eggs  
 1 oz. of margarine

1 small teaspoon of curry powder  
 1 tablespoon of chutney or sweet pickle (finely chopped)  
 Seasoning

Cut the eggs into halves, remove the yolks and mash them, then work them into the creamed margarine. Add the chutney and curry powder and plenty of seasoning.

If you are taking the eggs on a picnic, pack the filling as tightly as you can into the cavities in the whites, then press the two halves together and wrap in greaseproof paper. Eat with buttered rolls and salad.

To turn these into a hot dish, put a slice of cheese on top of each halved egg—and do not press the filling down too tightly. Put under a hot grill for a few minutes to melt the cheese slightly. For a more substantial dish serve with grilled bacon and tomatoes.

Viennese Tarts are crisp, biscuit-like cakes, easy to make, and ideal for a picnic or holiday time, for you can make them at your convenience and store them for days in air-tight tins. You will need:

4 oz. of margarine  
 1½ oz. of sieved icing sugar  
 2 oz. of flour  
 2 oz. of cornflour

Cream together the margarine and sieved icing sugar. Work in the flour (plain or self-raising) and the cornflour. You could manage with all flour, but the cornflour gives a better texture and makes them more crisp. On no account should you add any extra liquid, for if you

cream the margarine well the mixture will be sufficiently moist. Put into small paper cases or, better still, pipe into a deep tartlet shape, in the cases. Stand these on a baking sheet. Bake in a very moderate oven—Mark 2 or 3, or 300-350 degrees F, for approximately 45 minutes until pale-golden coloured and very firm. When the cakes are cold put a little jam in the centre of each.

(Television Service)

## Notes on Contributors

W. RITCHIE RUSSELL, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P. (page 286): consultant neurologist; clinical lecturer in neurology, Oxford University since 1949; author of *Poliomyelitis*

ROBERT E. CUSHMAN (page 291): Goldwin Smith Professor of Government, Cornell University

DENIS JOHNSTON (page 292): dramatist; Professor in English Department, Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts; author of 'The Moon in the Yellow River,' 'Storm Song,' 'Weep for the Cyclops'; *Nine Rivers from Jordan: A Chronicle of War*, etc.

LORD RADCLIFFE, G.B.E., P.C. (page 298): a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary since 1949

GRAHAM GREENE (page 302): author of *Brighton Rock*; *The Power and the Glory*; *The Heart of the Matter*; *The End of the Affair*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,216.

## Schizologia—IV.

By Tyke

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 27

Clues 1, 22, and 37 are normal. In the remainder, the clue leads to an intermediate word of the number of letters shown in brackets. Each intermediate word is to be divided into two parts, one of which, without further alteration, is inserted in the appropriate spaces to form

either the beginning or the end of a new word. The other part, again without alteration, is inserted elsewhere in the puzzle, to complete a word. Thus, HARDEST, ROYAL, and FOR might lead to DESTROY and FOAL, leaving HAR and R for use with other part-words. With the exception of 28 in the square, and proper names, all the words used are to be found in *Chambers's Dictionary*.

### CLUES—ACROSS

- Commission for which a little less than total incapacity is all that is required (9).
- Gentle is not quite the word for refined (7).
- Oppose a French story about a bird (10).
- Weak official papers about a student's frolic (7).
- Sacred music is provided by a tribal symbol all askew (5).
- Can make quite a hole in people's pockets (4).
- He usually bars himself beheaded (6).
- Spenser's adorned a sailor's wound (7).
- Pledge of close alliance (22).
- Jelly fish and others found in a ruined chapel (7).
- Band parts reversed (5).
- Fall back, always in the right (6).
- The menace of the Mad Hatter (6).
- Was in front after the beginning of the race, astonished (8).
- Old Testament character returns to mother, in short, he is mad (6).
- The outermost protection of a sea-port (4).
- Found in Venice and in some industrial towns (6).
- A different name for long hair (4).
- Tom yearns to build a home for monks (9).

### DOWN

- £500 (or even 500 dollars) less 250 is still wealth (5).
- Unit measure of exactness in a pool (5).
- Not unnaturally, decapitation makes a buccaneer very annoyed (5).
- Message about an old city—it can be put right (7).
- Aromatic plant from a district of S. Africa (4).
- Half-approval suffices for this goddess (and her mother) (4).
- Cheat, or you will get nearly half-fleeced in a disreputable resort (7).
- He who breaks away, disturbed, withdraws with amended decrees (7).
- Raise a salute to the male—but it just falls short of supreme happiness (5).
- Put the beer back—it belongs to the King (5).
- Change of subtle, old-time fashion causes a stir (6).
- Stamp collecting has lost a letter recently (6).
- Roman quintet, accompanied by a rude violin, wander in olden times (this is necessarily ambiguous) (5).
- Something of the ferment always going on in the mind (6).
- Repels in haste but with regret rude schoolboy's

assaults (8).

25. Bands starting with reversed quarters (6).

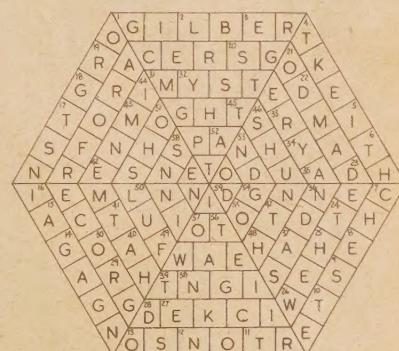
27. A worshipping figure is an alternative to a worker (6).

28. A monkey in debt is cut down in its prime (6).

30. This drags a vehicle backwards to a hill (7).

33. Not the only fish in the sea (4).

## Solution of No. 1,214



### SOLUTION

**Author:** Gilbert Keith Chesterton  
**Lyric:** 'Song against Grocers'  
**Verse:** God made the wicked Grocer  
 For a mystery and a sign,  
 That men might shun the awful shop  
 And go to inns to dine

**Prizewinners:** 1st prize: Tom Hill (Maybush); 2nd prize: Nigel E. Sharp (Edinburgh, 13); 3rd prize: A. Robins (Manchester, 8)

**CROSSWORD RULES.** Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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